

OCTOBER

# APOLLO

1953

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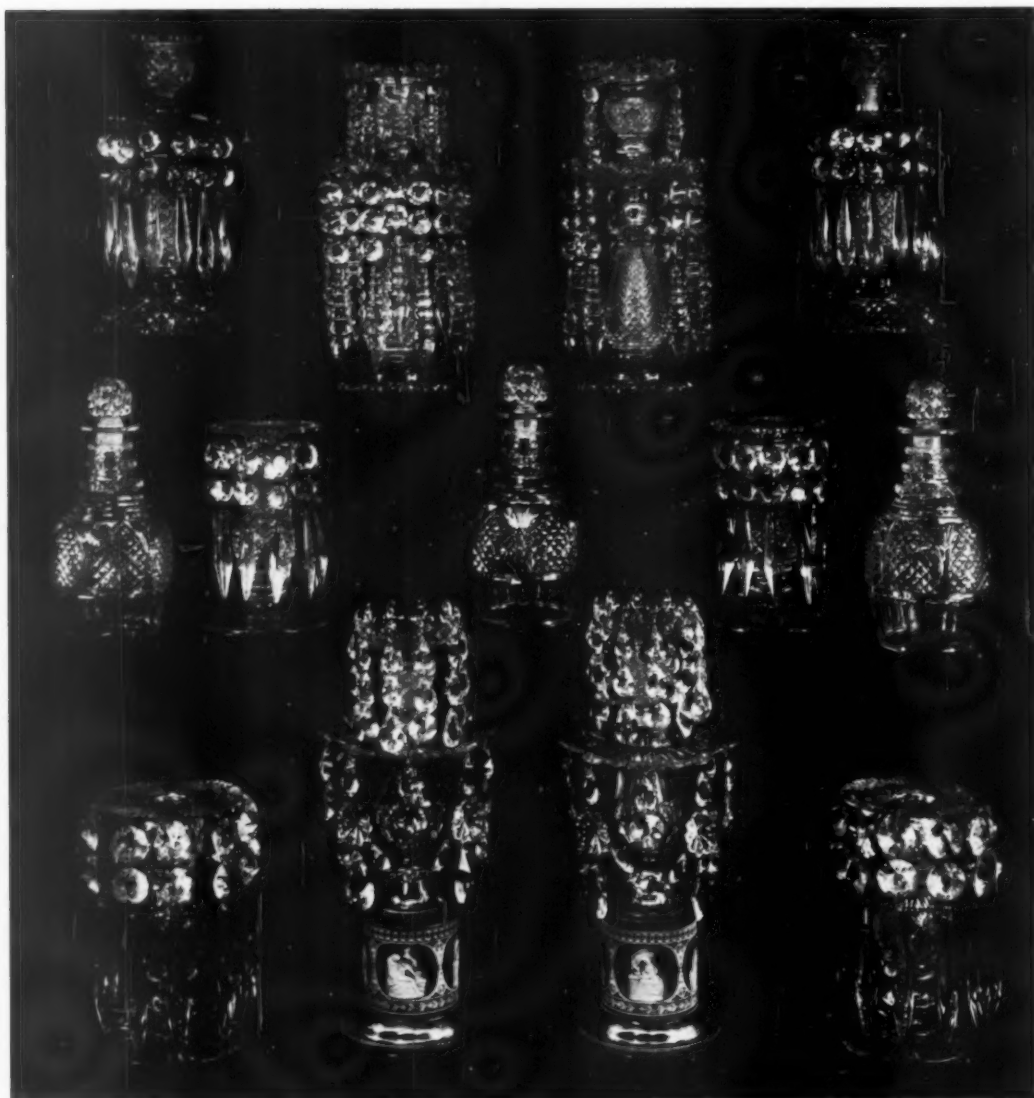
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# CURRENT SHOWS AND COMMENTS BY PERSPEX

## FLYING COLOURS

PERHAPS because of the stress of the coronation shows earlier in the year, the autumn season in the London Galleries has tended to start late. Albeit there have been a number of interesting preliminary exhibitions, and certainly the Tate Gallery has opened the session in fine style, first with their big show of Matthew Smith, and then with the Renoirs from Edinburgh. Under a scheme which must be gratifying to Scottish nationalist pride this latter has come to London as an aftermath of its showing at the Edinburgh Festival, which each year stages a first-rate art exhibition among its attractions.

First, however, Matthew Smith: an exhibition of eighty works occupying three rooms of the Tate Gallery is an ordeal which demands real qualities in a painter if it is to be successfully endured. In this instance one may be allowed to mix the simile and say that Matthew Smith comes through with flying colours. My own doubts about his work have always been whether he has enough beyond the opulence and audacity of his colour to justify the adulation which he has long received; or whether the colour is so good that unaided it earns that justification. Much as I enjoyed the Tate Exhibition those doubts remained unresolved. Sometimes, as in "Couleur de Rose," "Girl holding a Rose," or the delightful "Quinces and Pomegranates" which is the most recent work in the exhibition, I felt that there was, indeed, satisfying draughtsmanship, a sense of volumes, and happy composition to reinforce the beauty of the colour schemes which have always been his forte. At other moments I was sufficiently hypnotised by the colour not to mind whether he could do anything else; some magnificent splash of his favourite peacock blue set against a lovely red suborned all judgment. The effect of the whole exhibition was rather this triumph of sheer colour. Afterwards one asks: is it enough? Fauvist shock tactics are tremendously effective, but the intellect tends to rally its forces against them, and to strike back devastatingly when the whole strength of the attack has been spent by the painter. In the one word too many of Introduction in which the well-designed catalogue indulges, Francis Bacon says:

"I think that painting to-day is pure intuition and luck and taking advantage of what happens when you splash the stuff down, and in this game of chance Matthew Smith seems to have the gods on his side."

I do not for one moment believe that Matthew Smith accepts this arrant nonsense—nor, for that matter, does Mr. Bacon,



BUSTE DE FEMME NUE VUE DE PROFIL. BY RENOIR.  
Exhibited Edinburgh Festival & Tate Gallery. By courtesy of O'Hana Gallery.  
PERSPEX's choice for the Picture of the Month.

whose work almost suffers from its intellectuality and its remoteness from 'splashing the stuff down.' Such a doctrine can comfortably apply at the amusing and elemental Exhibition of Children's Art which has been held again this year at the Royal Institute Galleries. There, at least with the primary scholars, spontaneity is everything, and the growth of controlled technique rather a painful business. An artist of Mr. Smith's consecration to his job and long experience, quite clearly does not depend on intuition, luck, or splashing stuff down. He leaves that sort of thing to Mr.—well, perhaps we will not pursue that, but refer readers to the other catalogue notes wherein both Sir John Rothenstein and Mr. A. J. L. McDonnell describe the growth of his technique, though both admit that in a struggle with actual draughtsmanship he, to an extent, accepted defeat. That is clearly the weakness of the artist since it makes for that posterous, unsubtle quality which at

its worst slips over into crudity. It would have been an advantage to have a number of screens of the water-colours and drawings which show the other side of Matthew Smith. In staging this impressive exhibition the Tate Gallery has served us well: the showing of individual works at Tooth's, who have helped considerably with this show, or the excellent small exhibition a year or two since at the Mayor Gallery, have always made one feel that it would be good to see a comprehensive showing of this kind.

In a curious way there is a similarity between Matthew Smith and Renoir; the Fauvism of the one and the Impressionism of the other being to some extent dictated by the inability shared by and confessed by both adequately to express form by sheer draughtsmanship. On the positive side both delight in and depend upon colour for its own sensuous sake, and answer joyously to the world of the opulent senses. High summer and "mellow fruitfulness," large-bosomed indolent women and lush flamboyant blossoms: they share their themes. At one juncture, when he had been painting for twenty years, Renoir reacted from himself in discontent of the formlessness of his own work for a season. But inevitably "the style is the man." He returned to himself and—I would say, alas!—drifted more and more to those hot and sticky colours of the final period, though at any period he might produce something absolutely delightful, as witness the characteristic "Bust of Nude Woman" loaned to the Exhibition by the O'Hana Gallery.

It may be one way of saying that one is out of real sympathy with Renoir to confess that the early works with

their predominant cool colours and sense of form attract one most. "La Loge," "La Premier Sortie," and the landscape perfection of "Springtime at Chatou," and their kind are the least Renoiresque of his works, and the loveliest. If I am in a minority in this I can at least claim that most understanding and great collector, the late Samuel Courtauld, on my side, for I remember his promulgating the same theory as we sat in his room in his London home with the lovely "Springtime" landscape over the mantelshelf to bear out our argument. That picture, which has been loaned to the exhibition by Christobel Lady Aberconway, was painted before the 1880's; a dream landscape of silver and green coolness for which I would sacrifice all the over-ripe sensuousness of the later nudes. It is strange that an artist brilliant in so many ways should never have succeeded in depicting the beauty or meaning of hands, but these are so often the test of the draughtsman. With Renoir they are invariably too small, with no sense of modelling or bone structure (not that he ever had any feeling for the bones beneath the too, too solid flesh of his ladies). Unhappily, Renoir stands at that point where artist, critic, and art lover begin to be satisfied with the "either . . . or" of art, willing to jettison half the traditional qualities of painting and to depend upon complete fulfilment only in part. Perhaps it would shock both Renoir and Matthew Smith to realise that they belong fundamentally to an age of austerity, and that at least one perfectionist rises unsatisfied from their feast of *entremets*. It is, of course, a compliment to their importance that we should expect them to give us every quality in satisfying measure.

With an artist like R. O. Dunlop, who has a new show at the Leger Gallery, one asks only for what he successfully provides, and there is no sense of disappointment. In fact, at this exhibition of his recent paintings there was evidence of an awareness that his facility with the palette knife and a thick impasto had ceased to satisfy the artist, and that he had disciplined his own technique. Mr. Dunlop would be the first to agree that his theme of the English summer landscape and his lyrical manner of expressing it accept a limitation, though a Self-Portrait at the entrance of the gallery reveals that he has distinct powers in other directions. The use of comparatively thin paint and a return to the brush have had excellent effect upon his work. There is still rather too great a belief that brilliant crome yellow is the prevailing tone and colour of the English countryside, but this is set off by the soft blue shadows which take the eye into the pictures. The occasional choice of a village street scene with figures suggests that he also might be restless in his repetition of his favourite subject of the woodland country-side of his part of Sussex, but the streets and buildings and the figures are not architecturally convincing yet. The romanticist is too dominant, and can suggest the basic structure of a tree with a few rightly placed dark accents which the duller mechanical structure of buildings denies him. He is still most enjoyable at his most joyously lyrical, as in "The Little Fruit Tree, Arundel," which makes one remember Van Gogh.

An artist new to me, who can encompass the expression of buildings and yet has a thoroughly romantic vision, is the Frenchman bearing the Italianate name of Bellini, who has an exhibition at the O'Hana Gallery. He is a tremendous colourist, his work an exciting blaze of reds and blues and yellows and greens, his subjects usually town scenes with fair crowds of figures parading the streets. Such things, as all who have tried to depict them know, are not easy to put down convincingly, but Bellini does catch the moment of this town life. It may be because before he was a painter he was an architect, and so when he paints a bridge or a line of houses on a quayside, they have the volume which an architect feels instinctively. There are, in fact, quite a number of our contemporary artists whom I would recommend to a course in architecture, and who might wisely go and look at Bellini's busy and colourful scenes. As he lives and works on the Riviera there is the addition of Mediterranean sunlight to enhance the brilliance of his highly colourful work.

My theory about the intrinsic value of an architectural training as a foundation for a painter found further support in the work of an almost abstract artist, Donald Hamilton-Fraser, at Gimpel Fils Galleries. He is, I am told, still quite young, being in the early twenties, and he has graduated from architecture. His pictures are abstracts of things seen, and when the thing seen does not disappear behind the image which it evokes there is a feeling of the poetry of colour and of form entirely delightful. A ship alongside a quay with a burst of rockets against the blue of the night sky; the roofs of houses or of boats seen against the sea: Hamilton-Fraser makes beauty out of these. His ability to work on a largish scale without feeling empty is a test of his powers. His colour sense leads him to rich dark hues, and there is always a sense of mystery, of something withheld, about the pictures both large and small. My pleasure in his painting did not, I regret to say, extend to the "Six Young Contemporaries" whose works were exhibited with his. Bernard Cohen's extremely large canvases of empty dreary streets, almost formless, almost colourless, demanded a much more finished artist to pull them off. One's mind went to Blake's rude query to his would-be teacher: "How can that be finished which is not even begun?" The abstract paintings of these young people seemed to me entirely meaningless, and although I know this is the idea I remain bored in face of its sterility. My only wonder is how the art critic, the collector, the artist, and the art dealer, can decide between tweedledoodles of "Square, Black on Puce" and the tweedlediddles of "Squiggle, Brown on Yellow."

Let me admit, however, that I was equally mystified and stupefied by the outsized efforts in the same vein at the Redfern Gallery where Adrian Heath has a roomful of such things as "Project, blue, black and brown," and "Composition, black, white, and yellow." One of my few urges towards eventual reincarnation is the wish to know whether on this matter I'm a fool or it's a fad. I found myself much more intrigued by the drawings, largely of Negro Nudes, by Donald Friend. An artist building up his draughtsmanship on studies of the human figure is as much on the right lines as these jig-saw abstractionists are, I am convinced, on the wrong. That something can be done working outward from natural appearances towards the underlying pattern is borne out by some prints of Jacques Villon showing also at the Redfern (and, as I have said, by the work of Hamilton-Fraser at Gimpel Fils), but the mere patterning surely is doomed by its facility, futility and dullness.

In the catholic yet contemporary atmosphere of the "Artists of Fame and Promise, Part Two," at the Leicester Gallery, there was, I noticed very little of this extreme fashion even in the modernist section. This exhibition is always an opportunity to take a bird's-eye view of the contemporary art scene and the pathways which led up to it. An exquisite Alfred Steven's drawing, "Head of a Girl," opens the first room of drawings (if one has by-passed because of its position the great "Vase de Fleurs" by that not nearly enough recognised artist, Leon de Smet). An important small Marquet "Montreux" opens the first room of paintings where most of the established fame is gathered, and where I especially enjoyed "Waterfront, Hammersmith," by Ruskin Spear, more brightly coloured than has been his usual practice of late. Here, too, was Elinor Bellingham-Smith in her characteristic mood with "Willows."

There is always a feeling of poetry in Miss Bellingham-Smith's vision of the very English countryside which she depicts; and it is *her* poetry and *her* vision.

This individuality of feeling and of expression I found also in the exhibition of the work of Fay Pomerance at the Archer Gallery. She is showing there on this occasion with two others under the heading of Three Hallamshire Artists. It is all sound and conscientious work, though the three have nothing in common save belonging to the same part of the country. The exhibition is to go to Canada, and it is well that these lesser-known younger artists doing conscientious work should be thus recognised.

# WILLIAM STEPHENS, China Painter: A Postscript

BY F. SEVERNE MACKENNA



Fig. I. Jug painted for Ann Stephens by William Stephens. Unmarked. Height 3 1/4 in. In Mr. Erskine Barrow's possession.



Fig. II. Profile view of the Ann Stephens jug.

TWO further items concerning William Stephens have unexpectedly come to light since the main papers were completed\*, and as one of them is of very considerable importance and the other only less so, it is necessary to add this short note to what has already been written.

The first item concerns the jug which William Stephens painted for his sister-in-law, Ann Stephens. This jug had been completely lost sight of and was known to collectors only through Dr. Oxford's note in the 1905 and 1912 Trapnell Catalogues: "There is also a small jug, not marked, engraved with the letters A.S." When I enquired about it from Mr. John Stephens he did not know of its existence, but succeeded after much investigation in discovering it in the possession of an aunt, a lady somewhat advanced in years. It was packed away in a bank and could not be disinterred. There the matter lay at the time my paper was written, but subsequent enquiry revealed that its ownership was now vested in Mr. Erskine Barrow of Lancaster, a son of the old lady, and with most commendable public-spiritedness Mr. Barrow offered to send it at his own charge for me to examine and photograph. In this way it has become possible for the piece to be fully recorded for the first time in its existence. Two views are shown in Figs. I and II. It is of very minute proportions, being only 3 1/4 in. high from base to summit of handle. This handle, which is slightly askew, is of the rustic type, simulating a pruned twig. Dr. Oxford was correct in stating that the jug is not marked. The main decoration is of a pattern of rosebuds and green husks already familiar on Bristol wares, but most usually painted by Henry Bone. In the present instance there is no possibility of confusion with Bone's work as the painting, both of the flowers and the green husks, is quite distinct and individual. The gilding is of considerable importance in the decoration, and the broad bands above and below the roses show signs of an attempt at engraving. The initials are painted in a dark lilac enamel which does not appear elsewhere on the piece. The decoration would not normally be recognised as being the work of William Stephens, but its credentials are sufficiently satisfactory for it to be fully accepted and used as a valuable clue to the identification of similar work by our painter. The jug is of a size and shape commonly used at Bristol in making up the items of a cabaret, but there is nothing to indicate that Ann Stephens ever had such an equipage and the jug was probably an isolated piece decorated for her use.

\* In the issues of *Apollo*, August and September, 1953.

The second matter which can now be presented is an engraving shown in Fig. III. This is the sheet mentioned in my earlier paper as having been lost sight of. By unparalleled exertion, Mr. John Stephens succeeded in tracing it to another branch of the family, and found it in the possession of Mr. J. T. Elliott of Liskeard. Mr. Elliott and his brother very generously ceded it to Mr. John Stephens and enabled me in the process to examine and record it. The illustration serves to give its appearance: it measures some 20 in. by 24 in. and is marked at the bottom "Guirlande de Fleurs. Dessiné et gravé par J. Baptiste. Et se vendent à Paris chez N. de Poilly, rue S. Jacq; à la Belle image, avec Pr. du Roy." The centre now contains a modern endorsement recording its pedigree: "William Stephens, born at Truro 1756, died at Bridport 1837, apprenticed 1770 to Champion, china manufacturer, Plymouth and removed with him in 1772 to Bristol. He used this engraving for the flower designs which he painted on the Bristol China. He gave this engraving to his youngest daughter Rebecca who married Francis James Thompson of Bridgewater. On the death in 1939 of his grand-daughter Amy Catherine Thompson it came to his great-grandson Joseph Thompson Elliott."

It is extremely satisfactory to be able to place on record these two additional items concerning William Stephens.



Fig. III. Engraving used by William Stephens. In Mr. John Stephens' possession.





Fig. I. A boy (School of Carpaccio).  
Correr Museum, Venice.



Fig. II. A boy, by Alvise Vivarini or  
Jacometto Veneziano.  
National Gallery, London.



Fig. III. San Fortunato, School of Bellini.  
Correr Museum, Venice.

## MALE PORTRAITS OF THE VENETIAN SCHOOL

BY F. M. GODFREY

**M**OST Municipal Galleries of the Veneto harbour a number of male portraits of distinction, high-spirited youths full of character and dormant emotion, wonderfully restrained by breeding and high intelligence, which are generally ascribed to the School of Bellini. Such assignment is well founded upon an important statement in Vasari's *Life of Jacopo, Giovanni and Gentile Bellini*, where he places on record that Giovanni "still continued to work, old as he was; and as he was employed to paint portraits, it became a practice in that city that every man of note should have his portrait painted either by Giovanni or by some other. Hence all the houses of Venice contain numerous portraits, and several nobles have those of their ancestors to the fourth generation, while some of the noblest go even farther back. The custom is an admirable one and was in use among the ancients."

The glorious tradition of Venetian portraits, however unified in type, dress and bearing, however distinguished by nobility and pride of station which the great city impressed upon its sons, has an even earlier origin. It is in the massed portraiture of Carpaccio and Gentile Bellini, the festive processions on the Canale Grande, that noble senators and their ladies are aligned in ceremonial attire upon the marble terraces and bridges. In these Vasari noticed countless portraits after the life of nearly all the important members of the Guild (*Scuola*) which had ordered the picture of the "Miracle of the Cross."

Around 1473 Antonello da Messina settled in Venice, and with his newly acquired Flemish method of mixing oils brought about that unheard-of strength and directness in portraiture, that luminous and glowing tone which he owed to the new medium. The impact of Antonello is most strongly felt in the work of Alvise Vivarini. But in Bellini and Giorgione it will be ennobled and integrated by that high-poetical idealism and spirituality which lay beyond the "almost brutal impersonality" of Antonello. In the five youthful heads here under discussion, the way of the Venetian portrait is curiously summarised. It leads from the small boy-portrait, ascribed to the School of Carpaccio

to the two versions of a youth by Alvise (or Jacometto?), the "Young Man" at Bergamo, and the stately Young Senator of the Bellini School.

The face of the princely boy, no more than twelve years of age, upright before the stone parapet, looking steadfastly into the distance, serious and tense beyond his years, is drawn almost in the flat with small attempt at sculptural realisation. He wears a green velvet jacket with grey fur spotted with black, a tunic of russet brown over a white chemise showing at the edge. His cap of dark purple lies closely upon his flaxen hair. His eyes are of greyish blue with flattened lids and a small black pupil. The hair is finely delineated and lit, graded in tone and varying from light ginger to reddish blond in the shaded parts, which forms a transition to the russet vest. The impression of the hair is of incomparable evenness and smoothness as well as of flow, although it is delineated as if with thread of gold. The boy's mouth is firmly set, even tightly closed, his nose shapely, rather thin and long. He is a proud child of noble blood, almost ungainly with his haughtily pursed lips and pointed nose in his lean little face, as if already marked by the fevers of ambition, yet representing even in youth the great city which bore him.

Quite a problem is posed by the near identity of yet another boy-portrait in the Correr Museum with a famous bust in the National Gallery. The latter has recently been ascribed to Jacometto, because of certain resemblances to the Liechtenstein miniatures; but on stronger evidence which Mr. Berenson argued convincingly in his study of Lotto, it is by Alvise. In Venice his counterpart is simply given to the Bellini School. There are, in fact, quite a few points in which the two portraits differ. It is and it is not the same sitter. The hair, the dress, the turn of the head are obviously the same. But there are differences in physiognomy and in pictorial technique. The London bust is more highly finished, more firmly modelled, more decisively shaded. The turquoise blue of his tunic has become a flecked purple in that of his twin brother at Venice, the light coppery hair is of a darker tint there, and the character

## MALE PORTRAITS OF THE VENETIAN SCHOOL

Fig. IV. School of Giovanni Bellini.  
A Young Man, Bergamo.  
*Carrara Academy.*

Fig. V. Ascribed to Giovanni Bellini.  
A Young Senator.  
*Museo Civico, Padua.*



of the London boy is more aggressive, more "frank and defiant" as Mr. Berenson saw it. The element of shyness which he also noted is more emphasised in the youthful saint. But above all it is in the drawing of eyes and lips and nose, more fleshy, more pagan, that we perceive a difference of spirit, if not of person. A far greater sweetness and

tenderness informs the features of the Correr saint, his thin ruby lips, his slender nose, his gentle gaze. Can it be that the artist transformed the same sitter into a Christian saint, not only by adding the thin gold ring for a halo, the wreath of myrtle, the branch of palm for a symbol of peace, but by a total transmutation of character, a softening of all forms and spiritualisation, which are conspicuously lacking in his forceful and a little petulant London counterpart?

The rich crown of auburn hair moulds the head by its varying gradations and shades, curling around the forehead and along the cheeks of the boy in thick clusters. It is darker at the crown and at the sides, but woven like gold-thread through the lighted parts and executed with a ravishing punctilio, as if of the miniaturist, almost line by line, yet conveying thickness and rounded form. The face is modelled with the slightest touch. The arch of the left brow continues to form the bridge of the nose, finely shaped and lit along the ridge, with the dark curve of the nostril. There is subtle shading under the chin and touches of rose upon the cheeks. The eyes are of greyish blue, both pupils drawn a full circle, looking in the direction of the head and laying bare half of the iris. The drawing of both the upper and lower lid is delicate to the extreme. The saint is robed in dark lilac with black velvet bands and vertical folds. A branch of palm leaf repeats the curve of the face. The fine gold halo restores the position of the head which is slightly to the left of the centre. The strong stem of the neck bears the rich flower of the head. The expression of the young saint is serious, almost grave, ingenuous, and by its seriousness almost saddened.

No saint, but very close to the challenging youth of Alvise Vivarini, is yet another portrait of a "Young Man" in the Carrara Academy at Bergamo. The similarity is more one of substance than of physiognomical detail, more of human type than of pictorial finish. The same firmness, the same tribal strength informs both; but the Bergamo Youth with the frank, searching eye, the ivory flesh, the imposing nape of the neck is the more heroic of the two. This small bust which Venturi ascribed to Alvise has now been returned to the Bellini School, a young Bellini, half-way between Mantegna and Antonello, only a little dry and arid in the surface-texture of paint.

Neither in spirit nor in poetic quality, akin to the romantic idealisation which will ennoble the Venetian portrait under the impact of Giorgione, this young warrior is of Antonello's fibre. Of primitive strength and robustness in the sculptural modelling of the face, the large shaded planes of cheek and nose, the rich crown of coppery hair curling around forehead and temples, the wide open eyes, drinking-in the world around him, he is at once great-hearted and bold.

His dark green tunic is arranged in simplified triangular folds around the open neck with its tubular veins and muscles; and it is the columnar shape, the heroic strength of this neck which conveys the fighting virility of the youth. Though life has not yet inscribed experience or subtlety upon his features, he is of such stuff as the fearless warriors of the Serenissima were made of, and in this portrait we have before us the youthful form, the raw material, as it were, of Antonello's formidable Condottiere in the Louvre.

With the Paduan portrait of a "Young Senator," modestly ascribed to the School of Bellini, we have moved into close vicinity to the master. This form of great-hearted and polished humanity, of gentleness paired with intelligence, belongs to the type of noble Venetian youth which Giovanni created and whose beauteous outward form he endowed with that poetical fervour and idealisation which came to the fullest fruition in the work of Giorgione.

Our five portraits can leave little doubt as to how the Venetian boy looked upon the world in childhood, adolescence and early manhood, three ages of man with but scant variations of type, character and demeanour, formed as he is by environment and ancient lineage, illustrious scion of a ceremonious city-state with far-flung connections and obligations. The Venetian portrait, more than the Florentine or the Roman, is given over to a uniformity of outlook, a stylish representation of the paragon, yet not wholly ignoring the particular human traits. The noble offspring of this enclosed and aristocratic oligarchy, in all their unifying pageant of fashion and deportment, are not without the distinguishing characteristics of person.

The Young Senator's face is marked by a quality of high spirituality and lofty dream. The infinitely noble shape of his thin, not unsensuous lips conveys grace and restraint. Precocious wisdom lies in his grey, far-seeing eyes with their gleam of pure white to the right of the pupils and the fine purple shadow under the lids. The well-shaped nose, long drawn and finely shaded, with the graceful curvature of the nostril, speak of perception and sensibility. These are the poor outward facts and symbols which enclose the secret of character and of life.

The portrait of the "Young Senator" in his crimson doublet and black cap is foiled by a turquoise blue background. His rich flowing hair is not unlike that of the boy in the Correr Museum; flaxen to reddish blond, in the highlights interwoven with gold, deeply drawn over the forehead, conveying mass and rounded form, in contrast to the slender and almost angular face. The Venetian painting of hair is summary, yet gives the impression of linear drawing. It does not only frame the beautiful face, but has weight and substance in itself.





Fig. 1. A George II break-front commode, formerly at Harewood House. It is lacquered in black and gold in the Oriental taste. English lacquered commodes of this period are very rare. Mallett.

## GEORGIAN COMMODES

BY EDWARD H. PINTO

### COMMUNE

1. 1688, a tall head-dress formerly worn by women, consisting of a wire framework variously covered with silk or lace.
2. A procuress, 1753.
3. A piece of furniture with drawers and shelves; a chest of drawers; a chiffonier, 1786.
4. An article of furniture enclosing a chamber utensil; a close-stool, 1851.

Definitions from *The Oxford Dictionary*.

REGARDING definition 1, *The Ladies' Dictionary*, 1694, defines commode as "A frame of wire, two or three storeys high, fitted to the head or covered with tiffany or other thin silks; being now completed into the whole head-dress."

Definition 2 derives from accommodating, easy-going, convenient, etc. In *A Short Dictionary of Furniture*, John Gloag's description of definition 3 reads "Commode, originally a French term used to describe chests of drawers; and adopted in England during the XVIIIth century, but used generally to describe ornate examples of chests. . . ." Of definition 4, it can only be said that it arose from the Victorian excess of modesty.

Our concern in this article is only with the Georgian piece of furniture, but it is interesting to trace the connection between definitions 1, 2 and 3. In 1 and 3, the link seems to be between the two or three storeys of the head-dress, and of the chest divided into stages by drawers or shelves, whilst between 2 and 3 there is the similarity that both have been described as accommodating and convenient!

Most Georgian furniture can be found in qualities suited to every class of home between a cottage and a palace, and although there is a vast gulf between grades of materials used, skill employed, amount of labour utilised in individual pieces, and the quality of designs, all that which has

survived intact and unaltered to our day is invariably and necessarily soundly constructed. Because Georgian commodes, however, were essentially fashionable pieces, only ordered for important rooms in the homes of the wealthy and at a period when wealth and cultured taste usually went hand in hand, the range of their quality is unusually limited. In fact, they vary in quality only between good and superlative; but because the term commode is a somewhat vague one, certain chests of drawers and low cupboards, which do not merit the importance of the name "commode," have sometimes been described as such.

Chippendale, in the first edition of the *Director*, shows all his designs for mahogany commodes (or commode tables, as he calls them) in the French taste, but they are not slavish imitations of French designs. They were new and original designs, all distinguished by elaborate shaping, sometimes in two planes, by delicate carving in the rococo style, and by being essentially chests on brackets or legs of curved type, usually with outward scrolling French toes. Not the least delightful of these early Chippendale designs is the inclusion of Chinoiserie and Gothic motifs of carving within the overall rococo, which was the modern or "contemporary" idiom of that day. The new designs included in the third edition of the *Director* lack spontaneity and the light Gothic or Chinese relief of the earlier ones, and some are almost exaggeratedly French. The finest quality chased brass or ormolu handles (and sometimes mounts also) were an essential feature of these early Chippendale commodes, and if these features have not been replaced to suit later fashions, as unfortunately has so often occurred, they add considerably to the value of the small number of outstanding rococo commodes which have survived.

Although the term commode is associated to-day mostly with the elaborate shapes of the early Chippendale period

## GEORGIAN COMMODOES

Fig. II. An outstanding commode dressing table with fitted drawer; circa 1755. A harmony of curves, rich veneers, small-scale carving and finely cut frets, it was formerly in the Percival Griffiths Collection. Its unknown designer-maker achieved perfection, whilst ignoring the rococo fashion. *Jetley.*



and the simple bow curves of the late XVIIIth century, we recognise that Chippendale did not invent commodes and that there are a number of fine "pre-Chippendale-*Director*" pieces of furniture which rightfully come under the description of commodes, although they entirely ignore the French fashion and are devoid of structural curves and elaborate ormolu. Indeed, a few of the most superb commodes made during the *Director* period also ignored the rococo fashion.

English lacquered commodes in the Oriental taste (as opposed to mahogany commodes carved with motifs of Chinoiserie in an essentially rococo framework) are extremely rare. The Victoria and Albert Museum has recently acquired an outstanding specimen—the Badminton House black and gold commode, which is *en suite* with several other pieces, including the famous bed with pagoda-shaped canopy, which the Museum already possessed. These pieces were formerly in a bedroom hung with Chinese wallpaper which Bishop Pococke, who visited Badminton in 1754, described as "... finished and furnished very elegantly in the Chinese manner." As the fifth Duke of Beaufort, the owner of Badminton at the time, was one of the subscribers to the *Director*, which first appeared during the same year that Pococke visited Badminton, there are good grounds for believing that Chippendale was responsible for this furniture.

Another fine George II commode in lacquer, which shows no trace of rococo influence, is that illustrated in Fig. I; this was formerly at Harewood House. It is also decorated in gold on a black ground and has a breakfront, but there the similarity with the Badminton commode ends, for the former stands on tall legs, has the centre portion of serpentine shape and the side doors, which enclose drawers, are fretted in a lattice which is repeated as a top gallery on three sides.

The Harewood commode is finished inside in red lacquer.

Georgian commodes were used both in principal bedrooms and in drawing-rooms of great houses, and there were several offshoots of the commode family with special fittings for specific purposes. In the *Director* are illustrated numerous rococo commode tables which are mostly on legs, commodes usually shown with bracket feet, and commode-bureau-tables and bureau-dressing-tables, the last two having the top drawer elaborately fitted for toilet or for writing or sometimes for a combination of both. Some Chippendale combination commodes have a recessed kneehole for convenience in sitting at them and they may be provided with centre drawers and side cupboards, or a centre cupboard and side drawers. One of the loveliest mahogany commode-dressing-chests of the 1755 period which is known, is that shown in Fig. II, which was formerly in the Percival Griffiths Collection. Of graceful serpentine shape, its drawer and door fronts are veneered with rich and perfectly matched curl mahogany, its canted corners decorated with finely cut applied frets, and its cornice and base mouldings and bracket feet enriched with small-scale carving. The top drawer is elaborately fitted with various compartments and toilet boxes and a ratchet-adjusted mirror. It is a richly magnificent piece, in perfect taste, which owes nothing to Chippendale's *Director* designs, or the rococo fashion, but unfortunately its designer and maker are unknown.

William Vile, probably the greatest designer-cabinet-maker of the mid-XVIIIth century, who worked for George II and George III, could also afford to ignore the rococo craze when he wished. Fig. III shows one of his most superb creations, probably made between 1755 and 1760. It was formerly in the collection of the Earl of Shaftesbury.



Fig. III. William Vile was another designer whose prestige enabled him to retain his individuality and disregard the prevailing fashion. This, one of his most superb creations, was formerly in the collection of the Earl of Shaftesbury. *Partridge.*

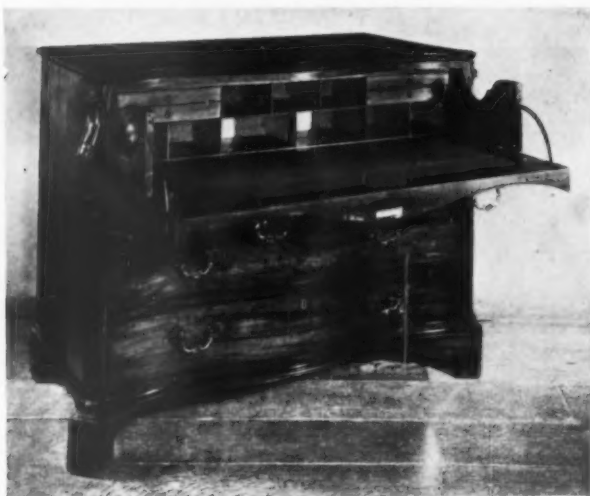


Fig. V. A Chippendale period serpentine chest with finely carved angles and cornice. Here the connection between commode and commodious is obvious. The secretaire is concealed behind two dummy drawer fronts. *Jetley.*

Vile's furniture possesses some very individual touches, and although he probably never made any furniture that was not in the first class, like every other maker, he had to consider the means of his clients. Not all his surviving pieces show by any means the same quality in the solid mahogany and the same lavish use of the most expensive mahogany veneers, or have the same amount of labour. The commode illustrated, which is 50 in. wide, is one of Vile's masterpieces, made regardless of expense. The same rich and perfectly matched curl and figured stripy veneers and magnificently proportioned and crisply executed carving that is used on the fronts, is also used on the ends. This piece compares worthily with the famous bookcase at Buckingham Palace, made by Vile for George III. Like most of the work attributed to Vile, this commode relies for its magnificence entirely on its perfect balance between flush, highly figured surfaces and superlative carving and, unlike Chippendale's work, entirely eschews the added embellishment of ormolu fittings and mounts.

Fig. IV pictures a Chippendale commode table of the finest quality and most restrained taste. In this example, with the beautifully executed carving entirely confined to the stand, the finely chased ormolu handles and escutcheons provide a necessary touch of richness to the gracefully shaped drawer fronts. On account of expense, some commodes have their



Fig. IV. A Chippendale serpentine commode table of the finest quality and in restrained taste, with carving confined to the stand. The vertical veneering of the drawer fronts is cleverly countered by the ribbon effect of the end bandings continuing the lines of the drawer rails. *Blairman.*

tops but not their ends shaped; only the very best have the ends shaped, as in this example. The veneering is worthy of particular note. Laying it vertically on drawer fronts is unusual but particularly effective here, because of the cleverness of the horizontal emphasis obtained by the raised bandings on the ends, which, from the re-entrant curves at the angles, continue the lines of the similarly slightly projecting drawer rail edges.

Fig. V is an interesting example of a Chippendale period fitted mahogany commode chest of serpentine form, with fine carving to the top edge and at the angles. It brings out the connection between commode and commodious. The simple but finely fitted secretaire is concealed behind two dummy drawers, so that the front elevation, when the secretaire drawer is closed, appears to consist of five drawers.

In the 1760's, partially owing to classical influence and partially due to the excesses of some of the later rococo designs, there was a revulsion against carving and, to some extent, against mahogany. Chippendale himself executed some of his most elegant work veneered with various light



Fig. VI. A bombé shaped commode of the late Chippendale period. A quietly magnificent example of English cabinet and veneer work under French influence. The ormolu mounts and handles are of the highest quality. *Leonard Knight.*



## GEORGIAN COMMODOES



coloured woods, under the Classical influence of Robert Adam. Many finely veneered pieces of furniture of the last quarter of the XVIIIth century were, however, made in the French taste, with their beauty dependent largely on veneered curves. Dating from about 1765, the commode, Fig. VI, is a magnificent example of English cabinet and veneer work under French influence. Here there is no carving, no fretting, but everywhere graceful double curves, giving a bombé outline on both front and ends. The veneering of such a piece requires the greatest skill, and an interesting touch is the use of dark diagonal banding and minute satinwood cockbeads to accentuate the lively and perfectly matched curl mahogany veneers of the drawer fronts. The ormolu mounts and handles are of the finest quality.

Another outstanding English commode in the French taste and with bombé shaping, Fig. VII, dates from the 1770 to 1775 period. It also has exceptionally fine mounts and its quality and style suggest Adam-Chippendale collaboration. It shows the full development of the "flared" angles and also illustrates the restrained use of floral marquetry which, with or without classical motifs executed in the same medium, became increasingly popular after 1765, as the fashionable decorative alternative to carving. As was customary in English work at this time, the top is treated in the same manner as the front and ends, whereas in a commode of similar quality made in France, the top would have been of marble.

The completely anglicised use of flared corners in conjunction with a serpentine-, not bombé-shaped front and straight sides, is seen in some of Hepplewhite's designs. A mahogany commode dressing-chest, with intricately fitted top drawer and bearing a very close resemblance to a design,

Fig. VIII. A Hepplewhite mahogany commode showing the completely anglicised version of the "flared" angle uniting serpentine front with straight sides. A happy example of the charm of graceful curves and finely figured and well-matched veneers. *M. Harris.*

Fig. VII. Another outstanding English commode in the French taste. Here the bombé shaping is veneered with panels of floral marquetry and the "flaring" of the angles is more pronounced. The mounts are unusually fine. *M. Harris.*



dated 1787, in the *Cabinet Maker and Upholsterer's Guide*, is shown in Fig. VIII. It is a very quiet and happy example of the charm of graceful lines and carefully selected high-grade veneers, otherwise unadorned.

Most commodes, because they were intended for large and important rooms, are rather large pieces, and the majority of those intended for the drawing-room were made in pairs, which have very often since become separated. In the last quarter of the XVIIIth century, owing to fashionable changes in architecture, which left narrower wall spaces between windows, there were made a few small commodes of the highest quality. These are particularly prized to-day when, in general, antique furniture fetches a price in inverse ratio to its size. Three exceptionally fine pairs of small commodes are shown in Figs. IX, X, and XI. Those in Figs. IX and X are only 2 ft. 7 in. wide. The Adam pair from Harewood House in Fig. XI are exceptionally graceful in the shaping of their fronts and unusual in being intended for the corners of a room.

The pair of commodes, Fig. IX, were formerly at Pusey House, Faringdon, Berks, and are an outstanding example of English craftsmanship. They are D-shaped on plan and constructed of mahogany absolutely throughout. They are overlaid externally with a geometrically arranged pattern of stripey kingwood veneer, matched with infinite care and discrimination. There are refinements of detail in these commodes which are unusual even for the age of superlative workmanship in which they were made. To name but one, on the inside edge of the recessed oval panel, concealed in the splayed veneered framing and almost invisible to the naked eye, even on close inspection, is a narrow horizontal flush sliding strip,  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick; this acts as a keyhole cover-plate and slides out across the face of the sunk oval, to disclose the keyhole of the lock.

The two pairs of dainty commodes illustrated in Figs. X and XI, dating from 1770 to 1780, are both mainly veneered with satinwood and finely inlaid with classical motifs in a variety of coloured woods. The bow-fronted pair, which have finely chased ormolu mounts and mouldings, are very



Fig. IX. One of the pair of commodes from Pusey House. An outstanding example of craftsmanship, even for the period in which they were made. Only 2 ft. 7 in. wide, they are veneered with kingwood on mahogany. Norman Adams.



Fig. X. Another pair of unusually small commodes of the finest quality. Against a background of satinwood, they are inlaid with a delicate classical design in the Adam-Chippendale manner. M. Harris.



Fig. XI. From Harewood House; these Adam commodes are unusual for the grace of their curves and because they were designed to stand in corners. M. Harris.

much in the Adam-Chippendale classical manner and of very fine quality.

Quite apart from the simplicity of the curves, absence of carving and the use of classical inlaid motifs and light wood backgrounds instead of mahogany, there is another fundamental difference between commodes of the late XVIIIth century and those of the Chippendale rococo and slightly earlier periods. Chippendale and his contemporaries, during the 1750-65 period, designed essentially in the technique of cabinet makers, showing their drawer rails and, in fact, accentuating them by cockbeads, or bandings, or both, round the drawer edges and sometimes carving or moulding the edges of the dividing rails in addition. The late XVIIIth-century designers rebated their drawer fronts over the rails, because they had learnt from the Adam school to design

front and side elevations of cabinet furniture as three apparently unbroken flush panels or marquetry pictures, in which door junctions, in the case of pairs of doors, and drawer-front junctions were closely fitted, and ignored in the design of the classical inlaid pictures. In some instances, the horizontal or vertical lines separating the drawers or doors are cleverly worked into the design, but in other cases the marquetry appears to have been made up as a complete facing picture to a commode front and cut at the junctions of drawers or doors, irrespective of where the cuts came on the design.



## EVENTS IN PARIS



Naondo  
Nakamura:  
Before the  
wedding.

IT is said that when Picasso first saw an exhibition by André Marchand tears of childish jealousy came to his eyes; he had just made acquaintance with a painter capable of equalling and sometimes surpassing his own type of work. The Asiatics are more subtle and discreet than Europeans, and when Naondo Nakamura presented his first European exhibition in Paris in September, Foujita, for a quarter of a century the "father" of Japanese painting in European eyes, registered his emotion by not going to see it.

Naondo was until last year the most celebrated and admired painter in Tokyo. He had a large house, numerous patrons and an assured future. He gave it all up to come to Paris where he lives with his pretty wife and two children in one small room in Montmartre, speaking no French except *bonjour* and *merci*, and totally unknown. After nine months in muteness and obscurity he has been showing Paris the measure of his extraordinary talent.

Naondo, who plans to exhibit in London this winter, has a sense of the beauty in everything. Whether he tackles a scene from Japanese mythology or the even more characteristic Japanese subject of animals, Naondo manages to leave the impression of the *éternel enfant* bewildered in a world in which everything is marvellous, in which everything is as delicate and enigmatic as a Japanese smile. One's first reaction is that this is the work of a European influenced by Japanese painting. Then, as one becomes conscious of the nationality of the painter, one thinks one detects traces of a European influence in this Japanese work. But Naondo only smiles politely if one compares his women and girls to those of Modigliani and when a stark figure sketch is all Gruber bar the signature, Naondo's smile bears a trace of puzzlement: Tokyo is a long way away and Naondo speaks no other language than his own—he has never heard of Gruber. It is then that one realises that it is not European influences one sees but the origins from which these familiar traits of European painting came. Naondo makes one aware of what a vast and complete change in the nature of painting was set in motion when, on that faraway morning in a Dutch grocery store, Monet discovered some Japanese prints used as wrapping paper for his biscuits.

A pupil of Yoshida at the age of fourteen, Naondo first exhibited at the Museum of Fine Arts in Tokyo at the age of twenty-one. He is now forty-eight and in his own country is as famous for his sculpture as he is for his painting. He paints squatting, with his canvas lying on the floor.

His exhibition at the Galerie Weil groups a number of subjects associated with the great Japanese masters of the XIXth century—foxes, fishes, a crab that seems made of exotic jewellery, some Foujita-like cats, and round small-faced Japanese faces used as excuses for the interplay of large hachured colour zones, as well as camels which combine a play of forms with a sense of caricature in a manner that would certainly have pleased that brilliant pupil of Hokusai, Toulouse-Lautrec. There are also some excellent woodcuts. With all their bewildering charm, Naondo's pictures have a sad air which matches the aesthetic of the post-war European generation. The picture illustrated shows a Japanese mother, sad because she knows that love and looks cannot last, making up her daughter for her wedding. Apprehension and delight dispute the girl's feelings, for make-up signifies the end of virginity. Above the mother's head can be seen the sensual eye of the bridegroom, who in his impatience has pierced a hole in the paper wall. The explanation is the painter's.

The big French *salon* of the summer was at Menton, on the Italian frontier, where the Biennale was on this occasion dedicated to Rouault. The impressive *Miserere* engravings and some small impasto oils represent the painter well, though the lofty, barn-like Kursaal of Menton would be more suited to Tintoretto's "Judgment Day" than to normal easel formats. In addition to honouring Rouault, a small retrospective group of Kislings was to be seen on the first floor.

The Biennale had the virtue of diversity and was a good shop window for showing off some talented Provençal painters who can rarely if ever afford to bring an exhibition to the capital—Jean-Raymond Bessil of Montpellier, Joseph Inguimberty of Menton itself (whose landscape was bought by the State), Louis Trabuc of Marseilles and his better-known fellow-citizen Max Papart.

The Paris gallery season was slow restarting after the holidays, as were auction sales, which promise to be interesting this winter: the current government drive against tax evaders should oblige many to put their art "investments" on the market. Lack of temporary exhibitions was a good reason to revisit the "permanent exhibition" galleries. One notices that the furniture dealers of the St. Honoré-Boétie-Haussman-Lafitte district are still better and more genuinely stocked (and usually cheaper) than the mushroom growth of decorators now thriving on the tourist and film star trade on the Left Bank. Current French business prosperity reflects itself in the rich variety of art dealers' stocks: an old-established house that has a particularly fine collection of old masters, especially Italian Primitive and Renaissance work, is the Galerie Pardo in the Boulevard Haussman. Only the orientalist complain of being unable to share fully the current vogue for "investment" in art. Forbidden to trade with China they can only either buy Indo-Chinese copies of the real thing or buy from London dealers who have access to Hong Kong. This inevitably inflates Paris prices.

The rebirth of Aubusson reflects itself in the Paris carpet galleries. One of the principal Aubusson specialists is the Catan gallery in the Champs-Élysées, which also has a rare collection of needlework, savonneries and tapestries. The *clous* of their present collection are a superb Louis XV carpet with a savonnerie vase decoration and a large (16 ft. × 24 ft.) Louis XVI cream carpet with an unusual flower motif.

R. W. H.

### STOLEN TAPESTRIES

The Yvonne de Brémond d'Ars furniture gallery in the rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré, Paris, was burgled during the summer closing. A number of valuable tapestries were taken. Details of the stolen property, which will more likely be offered on a foreign market than in France, are available at the Interpol (International Criminal Police Commission) bureau of Scotland Yard.



## GEORGES ROUAULT

BY CLIVE BELL

*Le Chirurgien.*  
Oil on board. 18½ in.  
× 12 in. 1918.  
Courtesy The  
O'Hana Gallery.

THAT Rouault is one of the best living painters is generally admitted; to me he seems also one of the most puzzling. He is, in the strict sense of the word, eccentric. According to laws laid down by thoughtful determinists he should have gone the way of his fellow student, Henri-Matisse. Born within a couple of years of each other—Rouault was born in 1871—both profited largely by the teaching, or perhaps one should say inspiration, of that most inspiring teacher, Gustave Moreau. Subsequently, both discovered Cézanne, rejected the bejewelled idealism of their master as well as the realism of the Impressionists, exhibited at the famous *Salon d'automne* of 1905, and so may be accurately described as "Post-Impressionist." In fact, by 1905 both were being described as "Fauves"; and a Fauve Rouault should have been. But was he? If you will compare a work of this period (1905-12)—"Les Sirènes" for instance—with a Matisse of about the same date—say the "Blue Nude"—you may be struck at first by a similarity: look again and you will realise that here are two pictures which represent two distinct conceptions of art.

The Fauves concentrated their powers deliberately on plastic creation: before all things they would be makers of *objets d'art*, objects of visual art, objects beautiful and significant in themselves. It was to this end they used distortion and violent oppositions of colour. Rouault also bent his powers to the creation of "significant form"—every artist worthy the name must do so consciously or



*Baigneuses.*  
Gouache.  
1908. 25½ in.  
× 39½ in.  
Courtesy  
The Lefevre  
Gallery.

# GEORGES ROUAULT



Three Clowns. Gouache. 6 1/2 in. x 9 in. Courtesy Wildenstein. c. 1929-1935.



Pierrot with Downcast Eyes. Gouache. 4 in. x 8 1/2 in. Courtesy Wildenstein. c. 1929-1935.

unconsciously ; but simultaneously he was using distortion for another purpose, a moral purpose if you will. He was inventing plastic equivalents for imaginings of a didactic, not to say minatory, nature. There is no denying that the art of Rouault is literary. Roger Fry calls it "tragic caricature." Whether the plastic or the psychological significance is the more important, whether one interferes with the other, or whether here we have the perfect fusion of form and literary content, are questions, it seems to me, that time alone can answer. The case of Greco perhaps just hints at the direction in which the wind is likely to blow. For in his lifetime the art of Greco was probably admired chiefly on account of its intense dramatic significance ; and still, like Rouault, he appears to be riding two horses at once. Like Rouault he used distortion to achieve distinct purposes ; but in the course of three hundred years the literary interest has evaporated somewhat, and we can now admire Greco, if we choose, as a master of pure plastic creation.

Should that be the fate of Rouault, ultimately, no doubt, he will take his place—a high place—amongst the Fauves.

It is hardly surprising, however, that to-day he should be hailed as an "Expressionist." Personally, I do not like the name. If by "expressionist" you mean an artist who regards external reality, not as something to be studied and searched for its proper significance, but as a store-house of symbols in which a man may recount his intimate experiences, why assuredly Rouault is an expressionist—and so are most of the great Romantics. But to contemporary critics the word seems to suggest a being so passionately intent on delivering his message that willingly he lets slip the art of painting. Now Rouault is, and always was, a most conscientious craftsman. That he is a man of intense religious feeling, outraged by "the essential horror" of life as he sees it, is not to be doubted : but he is a painter too. The devout worshipper of Renoir would certainly countersign his hero's dictum—"Soyez d'abord bon ouvrier ; cela ne vous empêchera pas d'avoir du génie."

How far his view of life, and consequently of art, was coloured by the writings of his friend, Léon Bloy, is a

Paysage Negre. Collection Guadin, Paris. 10 in. x 15 1/2 in. Gouache on paper. 1910. Courtesy The O'Hana Gallery.







Two Nudes.  
Size 10 in. x  
14 in. Oil.  
1930.  
Courtesy Red-  
fern Gallery.

question about which it is permissible to differ. Mr. James Thrall Soby, who has produced an admirable essay on the man and his work, thinks the influence was considerable. Rouault himself thinks otherwise. That is not conclusive. All we can say for certain is that, as soon as the painter had delivered himself from the timid religiosity of his master and had shaken off academic restraints—somewhere about 1904—the writer failed completely to understand him. One may add that Rouault, when he put pen to paper, failed equally to profit by the example of his disagreeable but literate friend.

Probably the greatest influence on the art of Rouault has been the stained glass of the XIIth and XIIIth centuries. At the age of fourteen he was bound apprentice to Hirsh, glass-maker and—what is more to the purpose—glass-repairer. So, in the way of business and study, Rouault became intimate with the triumphs of medieval verriers; and these made an impression which never grew dim. Once again it may be helpful to contrast the art of Rouault with that of his fellow student: for Matisse also used strong, black lines, but used them to assert a rhythm; Rouault used them to bind together those shapes of smouldering colour—reds, blues and greens—which are themselves reminiscent of XIIIth-century windows. For me, the final revelation of this prevailing influence came a year or two ago at the *Ecole de Paris* exhibition in Burlington House, where three pictures by Rouault, hanging side by side, were so disposed that one could see them through a doorway from a distance: the splendid vision transported me in recollection to Chartres.

Cutting an artist's career into periods is such good sport that few can resist the temptation. Besides, it provides manageable blocks with which we, critics and historians, can play to the general admiration. Dating

Rouaults, however, is a dangerous game, since Rouault had a habit of beginning a picture, abandoning it, and taking it up again maybe twenty years later. This habit, I fancy, is commoner than scholars care to believe; wherefore sometimes I permit myself to smile when one of my erudite colleagues tells me the year, if not the month, in which a picture was painted four centuries ago. Let us agree that Rouault found himself between 1900 and 1905, and went on to produce a series of what we may call, if we are not afraid of ugly words, psychological-fauve masterpieces. This period may be supposed to end with the end of the first world war. During the next dozen years he busied himself chiefly with illustrations, prints and coloured etchings; but do not forget that all the while he was painting in oils as well. Somewhere in the 'thirties, according to the authorities, his style becomes more eclectic and his attitude to life less venomous. And so begins the last phase.

It is certainly true that Rouault has grown less expressionist and more painterlike. Moral preoccupations have given way to aesthetic. A small but significant fact is that sometimes he makes an attractive border for his later pictures. No thorough-going Expressionist, I suppose, would tolerate such decorative devices. For my part, I welcome the change. The gravest charge that can be brought against Rouault's art, as a whole, is that it is limited. During the greater part of his life he has been so much concerned with expressing his sense of "the essential horror" of things that he has expressed little else. Of late he seems to have allowed his mind to dwell occasionally on the essential beauty, thus giving us such delightful paintings as "Bouquet" and "Afterglow" (both now in America). As he is still at work, may we not hope that he will give us a sufficiency of Still Lifes and Landscapes to make the charge of being limited sound unjust?

# VIEWS AND NEWS OF ART IN AMERICA

BY PROFESSOR ERIK LARSEN, Litt.D., M.A.

THE outstanding feature of the past season was the conspicuous absence of any of the big shows that used to enhance our art life. What was offered this year was distinctly of secondary importance or a rehash of well-known and often exhibited material, and a sound and highly vocal row between the exponents of ultra-modernistic tendencies and the middle-of-the-roaders.

This latter feature is underlined because in the old days we used to shrug off these squabbles by likening them to storms in a water-glass; but now they have taken an importance quite out of proportion with past significance, and their relative impact upon to-day's America needs analysis.

But first, a few apposite remarks of a general character. It remains undeniable that the fundamental differences in the premises between the European and the American artistic atmosphere—or the approach, as we would say over here—is still not realised.

I wager that if I asked point-blank: "Just what are artistic life and expression like, here in the States?" the answer from Europe would be: "Well, about the same as over here, only bigger." That is dead wrong, and such a warped point of departure will afford but a lopsided picture of the entire American attitude towards the *beaux-arts*.

Think of it this way: you in Europe see a good XVIIth-century painting, or a Renaissance statue, or a bit of good old china or silver. There is a distinct feeling of inner connection and continuity between you and them. You are reminded of a similar painting that used to hang in your father's drawing-room; the statue resembles the one in a church around the corner; the china is kin to the one you keep in your own home; and the silver, why, your aunt Mary has exactly the same, only better. In so many words, the past is integrated even in the average European's life: he has soaked it in with his mother's milk, and unwittingly breathes it daily even if he glances only cursorily at three-and-four-hundred-year-old façades and venerable architectural monuments. From century-old happenings he draws joy in moments of gladness, courage in instants of adversity.

Whoever is a product of this Western civilisation shares in its achievements as well as in its faults. The average cultured member of the community who evinces no or only perfunctory interest in its past is a properly unthinkable phenomenon.

More so, the facts in a "Letter" from Paris, Rome, Brussels or Berlin are immediately intelligible to you. Their writers have enjoyed an upbringing similar to yours and build on historical and cultural foundations whose relationship to your own is manifest. Differences are primarily of shades, nuances and mostly a question of temperament. But the fundamentals remain identical. The American set-up is quite different indeed.

Owing to a relatively recent historical past, America, a new and expanding country, is, of course, lacking the inner psychological bonds binding it to ancient Western art, taken not so much as a cerebral but as a functional manifestation, but by no means is there any lack of examples in this country lying open to the wondering eye of the intellectually curious.

With the great collectors, Mellon, Hawknese, Altmann, Jules Bache, Walters and John G. Johnson, but a dim memory, the love and interest for art, including occasional purchases, have here been thrown back where they have been in Europe for the past few generations: into that social strata for whom art would spell a delicate intellectual pleasure and its acquisition some sort of financial sacrifice.

In other words: the bourgeois is called upon to replace the tycoon.

How did the former discharge this task?

In a manner standing absolutely unique in the history of the *mores* of Western Society: by placing his cheque-book at the disposition of his wife and declaring that art and its appreciation were her business, and hers alone. Until quite recently the American husband acted in an overwhelming majority precisely as Aldous Huxley has described it in his acute writings dating from the late 'twenties. Most of his remarks retain, unfortunately, some validity: American business and professional men tend to take but scarce interest in the decoration of their homes, deeming this to be an unmanly pastime. Their wives, clever and well-educated, but lacking in their upbringing a background of European tradition, had to turn for advice to those whose self-avowed profession it is to beautify homes for the rich and counsel them as to the way they should furnish them: in short, to the Interior Decorators.

These wise men spoke thus: you don't want Old Masters any more. They are mostly dark; their subjects—chiefly religious or portraits—are not amusing for your drawing-rooms, and *ceterum censeo*: they do not fit into your clear and modern apartments. Anyhow, Europe is finished, as you know very well, and her inhabitants live mainly by the exploitation of a past that is not yours and has nothing in common with you. If it is absolutely the past that you want to relish and to dwell in, collect Americana. Or, if you want to be modern and up to date, then contemporary art is your meat. After all, America is the most powerful country in the world: it is young and looks toward the future. It is fitting that we should create an art celebrating our achievements and constituting an expression of our very own times, instead of loading ourselves up with what is in truth only outdated junk!

Up to a certain point these people were right, if looked at dispassionately; the inner bonds are of necessity lacking that make ancient Western Art a living thing to Europe and Europeans. Here, it is a form of culture grafted artificially upon a new way of life to which it is as alien as the arts of the Extreme Orient. Curiously enough, these two cultures as well as pre-Columbian artifacts enjoy a great favour and are highly to the public's taste.

Their reasoning was thus quite to the point, had they counselled the purchase of really significant, powerful and authentic modern paintings, sculptures and objects. A highly mechanised, intellectually diversified civilisation that is manifestly growing its own roots quite apart from its anterior borrowings, will rightfully find its own ways of artistically expressing its aspirations.

Unfortunately, the guidance that should have been provided was sorely inadequate. Mistaking change for innovation, seeking the striking, the out-of-the-ordinary in order to present it as the *grande nouveauté*, dealers, art magazines and a certain small but influential *clique* of critics and museums officials foisted on a gullible public the craziest geometrical and antiseptic concoctions, substituting the shades of Euclid for authentic spiritual treasures. That French impressionists came thereby into their own, is purely accessory. It was a side-effect, destined to placate the timorous.

Fortunately, after more than two decades of almost undisputed reign, the exponents of ultra-modernistic trends have overreached themselves. The occasion was the American facet of the International Sculpture Competition for a monument to the Unknown Political Prisoner, which has been excellently dealt with from the British viewpoint in APOLLO's April issue (Perspex). As Emily Genauer, art critic of the New York Herald Tribune, adequately puts it: "... It was one thing for *avant-garde* sculptors to work at new and stimulating abstract treatments of space and material which may in time evolve a potent vocabulary for the expression of profound emotional concepts. Another thing for a



jury to select embodiments of these experimental new theories being promulgated by artists disinterested in relating their work to society and its crises, as the only conceivable idiom for the construction of a great public monument whose theme is terrifyingly urgent to millions of persons all over the world. . . ."

The concert of protests that followed the exhibition of the crowned entries may be likened to a clap of thunder. Artists and laymen alike condemned the frivolity of a jury that, under what pressure nobody will ever know, chose as representative of a theme of the highest moral significance such sinister shapes and totally non-objective forms as open-sphere shapes, angular pierced-metal constructions, sling-shots stood on end, etc. The most scathing and, in my opinion, the most revolutionary condemnation of this kind of so-called work of art came from a gathering sponsored by staid, solid businessmen: the Advertising Council. Here top American educators reflected upon the purpose of the artist in the life of the community and came to the conclusion that his present tendencies incline him towards withdrawal "... from the average educated man ... as well as from the big basic problems of our time. . . ."

The reason why I ascribe special meaning to the speeches made under the auspices of the Advertising Council, is that I read into them the harbingers of a revolt that could prove as important to American art life as was the Boston Tea Party in another field of thought. That much-maligned and much-abused individual, the American husband, has been stung to the quick; this Unknown Political Prisoner is someone he understands instinctively. It could have been he himself, or someone next of kin. This is no abstraction but someone very close to him, that does not deserve being represented in the shape of an empty wash-bowl! I wager that these were the days when many an American husband looked for the first time seriously at the canvases "ornating" the walls of his home and customary bewilderment must have given way to healthy anger. And from anger to the firm decision not to be duped again!

Also, some results and a slight shift in gear were immediately perceptible. For the coming season, abstract and non-objective shows are being prudently disemphasised, while figurative art appears to be the order of the day. This does not mean, of course, that the wily forces that have lured and enticed the American public into these dark corners where angels dare not tread are beaten and routed. Rather, this strikes me as a strategic retreat. But the breach has been mounted and it will be up to the vigilance of good citizens to watch out that they are not taken advantage of again and again.

It is perhaps equally a sign of the times that the famous American architect, Frank Lloyd Wright, has published a pamphlet attacking vigorously the "International Style." Wright, as you will know, has been on the forefront of modernism.

In short, hope has never before been so bright and so

green that crankiness in matters artistic is going to take a decisive beating in this fair country and that an original, authentic, full and lusty art movement will spring forth from this luscious soil, to the greater honour of America and of the men who fashioned it with their own powerful hands.

And now for some short comments on the exhibitions. The Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, Pa., has offered its hospitality to an International Exhibition of Contemporary Paintings. Knoedler's superintended an instructive and engaging show of Paintings of the Old West—followed shortly afterwards by a Loan Exhibition of Ingres drawings, forthcoming chiefly from the museum of the artist's home town: Montauban.

The Metropolitan's Exhibition of American Water-colours, Drawings and Prints showed much promise and some achievements.

A survey of the Rembrandts belonging to the Metropolitan's own collections did not give cause for new comments, save renewed amazement at their richness.

Five Centuries of French Drawings, loaned by that country's museums and arranged by the Metropolitan, enchanted, instructed and enlightened.

The Museum of Modern Art reviewed the Fauve Movement of nearly fifty years ago, the Sidney Janis Gallery that of European "Dada." Nothing to be proud of.

Wildenstein's selection of "Landmarks in American Art" constituted a most interesting attempt at reconstitution of American historical and cultural highlights, in which, naturally, folklore had its part also.

And to end on a provocative note, a brief mention of Salvador Dali's "Holy Virgin," which was exhibited during a brief time at the Carstairs Gallery. The artist, whom I hold in high esteem as an excellent craftsman, but whose explanations I advise to take with a grain of salt, calls his Madonna "Assumpta Corpuscularia Lapislazulina." According to Dali, this proves "how the real and glorious body of the Virgin can be integrated and reconstituted through the theological and philosophical interpretation and application of the divisionist technique of Seurat, and the futurist experiments of Boccioni. . . ."

Art prices were not what they used to be, this being quite understandable in a period of mental adjustment and searching for new aesthetical standards. Nonetheless, the Parke-Bernet Galleries, to whom might be assigned the function of barometer of the New York art market, obtained some very respectable prices. Such as \$24,000 for a portrait of a gentleman by Frans Hals, \$40,000 for Renoir's "La Fête de Pan," \$37,000 for the same artist's "La Femme à la Rose," \$29,000 for Degas' "Trois Danseuses," \$28,000 for Manet's "Madame Jeanne Martin au Chapeau Noir," and \$14,000 for Pissarro's "Le Louvre." A Boudin, "La Plage à Deauville," fetched \$7,000, Greuze's "Portrait of a Boy," \$6,250, and Nattier's "La Comtesse de Mailly" drew \$5,100.

## EVENTS IN HOLLAND

DEAD art season in August and September applies this year only to public sales, as the auctions will start again at the end of October. On the other hand, museums as well as dealers produced a remarkable activity. The Fair in Delft was a startling success with more than 27,000 visitors in twenty days; about a quarter of them were foreigners from the Continent, Great Britain and overseas. Hardly any other line of business may be found where twenty-five dealers, who have at their disposal comparatively small means, can excite a similar national and international interest.

The greatest attraction was the landscape by Hercules Seghers which was acquired by the Rotterdam Boymans Museum, it is said for £25,000. This painting turned up some time ago at a London sale, dirty and under a wrong name; after cleaning, the original signature reappeared.

Next to this work the colourful Nativity by Matteo di Giovanni has been mentioned the surprise of this year and most beautiful picture of the exhibition.

The Mauritshuis acquired at the Fair an impressive round portrait of a man by Cornelis Ketel, dated 1597, with a diameter of 16½ in.; the Rijksmuseum bought so far a silver plaque by Vianen and an interesting XVIIIth-century writing-desk with marquetry.

The museum Boymans can report a few other acquisitions, too: a study of a head of an old man by Rembrandt, dated 1647, and drawings by Albr. Dürer and Fragonard. The Municipal Museum of the Hague got as a legacy two paintings by Ch. Rochussen, namely, "Jardin du Luxembourg" (Paris 1849) and "Hyde Park" (1849). This museum publishes every two months a Bulletin in royal size with English summary; in the latest instalment, among others, director Wijsenbeek gives a survey of the accessions during the years 1948-53.

H. M. C.

# ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH SILVER SPOONS

Mediaeval to Late Stuart and Pre-Elizabethan Hall-Marks on English Plate.  
By Commander George Evelyn Paget How, R.N.(Retd.), F.S.A.(Scot.), in  
collaboration with Jane Penrice How. Volume II. Published in Three Volumes.

REVIEWED BY HUGH JESSOP

THE second volume of this book has now been published and entirely fulfils the high standard attained in the first volume, containing, as it does, a wealth of new information to help and guide all those interested in spoons and spoon collecting.

There is little doubt that of all types the Apostle spoon took pride of place in general esteem and to this day most fires the public imagination. Here is a spoon that expresses as no other the fervent religious feelings so apparent in the past, feelings that dominated life when the spoons were fashioned. Much has, therefore, been written about them, but I have often wondered why more attention has not been paid to the Apostles themselves and their emblems, as I have considered this fruitful ground for research. Here at last this has really been extensively done and forms most interesting reading. An old woodcut in the possession of the British Museum is reproduced, illustrating the Apostolic emblems as shown about 1500, and the illustrated comparisons between the Apostles surrounding the Bishop Foxe Crozier and the finials on many well-known sets of spoons are particularly interesting and enlightening. There is no doubt that many of the magnificent sets and part-sets of Apostle spoons illustrated in this chapter will be practically unknown to the average collector, as I do not think many have been illustrated before. The value of the book in this direction is fully maintained and cannot be over-estimated, as a permanent record has now been made of these fine spoons which is, in itself, of the greatest importance.

The final sections of this chapter deal with Maidenhead spoons and their associated varieties, and ends with that very interesting type the Terminal Figure Finial, chiefly associated with Barnstaple. There seems no satisfactory explanation why this latter type of finial should be so exclusively of West Country origin, but this is undoubtedly so. For some reason this particular figure found much favour in the district. Perhaps it was that the Devon and Cornish men were a seafaring lot and the figure has a distinctly Eastern character, possibly reminding them of the figureheads and carvings on the stems and sterns of their vessels.

Chapter 4, Section 1, deals with fakes and forgeries, and is, to my mind, of absorbing interest. Many of the fakes illustrated would be quite obvious to those with any serious knowledge of spoon-collecting, but a proportion are exceedingly good and only the greatest observation and knowledge has led to their detection. They have in a number of cases passed muster until quite recently, an example being the very fine master spoon which for a number of years has been shown in an American museum and is now found to be in reality a casting from an original spoon lately available for comparison. This shows what degree of excellence some fakers have achieved and, although on the one hand this knowledge is distinctly disturbing, on the other it is good to know that such forgeries can now be exposed and weeded out. No doubt many collectors will read this chapter with some misgivings and then hasten to study their own specimens. It is to be hoped that they will not find the results too unsatisfactory. The authors fully explain their methods in detecting these forgeries, and give their reasons for all

their assumptions. I think it will be agreed that these are fully proved in the spoons selected.

Chapter 5 is devoted exclusively to various Scottish types and also gives a very complete list of the Deacons in the Edinburgh Guild and the Canongate Goldsmiths and Jewellers up till 1716. No such comprehensive lists have been published before, and they form a valuable addition to the knowledge hitherto available on silver north of the Border. Few of us have had an opportunity of handling many examples of these rare Scottish spoons, and the number illustrated are again of the greatest importance. It will be found that the types are quite distinctive and bear little relation to their English counterparts, with the exception of certain York examples.

Finally, there is an Addendum to the volume which includes a number of interesting spoons that came to the authors' notice too late to be fitted into their proper places earlier.

We shall now look forward to Volume III, which will contain what the authors consider the most important part of their work. This chiefly comprises their extensive researches into early hall-marks. With such complete knowledge of spoons' form, it is possible for the first time to bring to light further data on the earliest hall-marking systems. A Date Letter cycle prior to 1478 is not entirely beyond the bounds of possibility. This is, indeed, a fascinating prospect to all those interested in Early Silver.

N.B.—The captions are taken from the book.

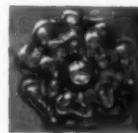
## ST. JAMES THE LESS

Collection Anonymous

London, 1515.

Length: 7 in.

When sold by Messrs. Warner, Sheppard and Wade at Leicester on October 24th, 1949, this magnificent spoon, in practically mint condition, realised £520, the then record auction-room price for a Henry VIII Apostle. The bowl, stem and pediment are typical of the early years of the XVIth century, and the figure of St. James the Less bears comparison with the superb figure of this Saint on a spoon, London 1507 (Plate XV of this section).



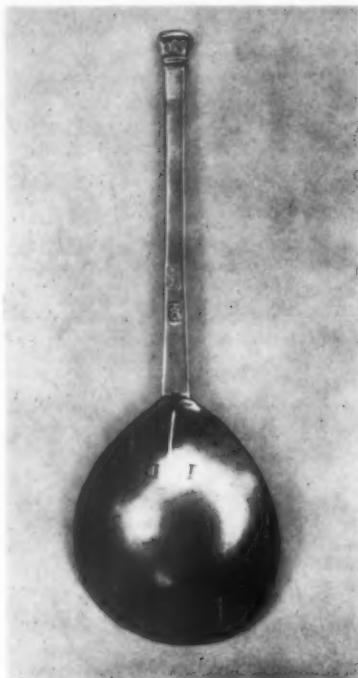
The nimbus is in the form of a Tudor Rose, as found on a St. Bartholomew, London 1600 (I.V. Pl. VIII, Vol. 1) and on the Master and St. John in the Dewar Set of 1606 (Plate L of this section), but here, as in the case of the beaded nimbus of the 1507 St. James the Less, the underside is engraved to represent Rays of Glory.

A further interesting comparison can be made with the 1518 St. James the Less (Plate XX of this section): the earlier form of the spoon here illustrated being clearly discernible from the photographs.

THE FERGUSON SPOON

Dundee, circa 1576.  
Bute Collection

Length: 6.1 in.



This spoon was a family heirloom of the Fergussons and until 1935 had never been separated from the famous Fergusson Mazer, which bears the arms of David Fergusson and his wife Isobel Durham and is dated 1576, believed to be the year of their marriage. The spoon was in all probability also a marriage gift. The top of the seal, which, though now oval was probably originally rectangular, is engraved with the initials "D.F." and the back of the bowl with the initials "I.D."

For further description see page 323, where the form is discussed in detail.

The Maker's Mark "R.G." stamped below the Dundee Pot-of-lilies, is probably that of a member of the Gairdine family (see page 313).

WOMAN'S HEAD

Ascribed by Jackson to  
circa 1540.

Length: 6.7 in.

I have recently had an opportunity closely to examine the spoon here illustrated, which was Lot 45 in Messrs. Sotheby's sale of May 30th, 1935, where it realised £50. In the light of my present knowledge and after examination of the similar spoon in the Victoria and Albert Museum (IV, ii, pl. VI), I concluded that there were reasonable grounds for mistrusting both spoons.

Comparison between this spoon and the unmarked spoon in the Victoria and Albert Museum, both of which came from the Ellis Collection, showed that, apart from very small differences in the tooling, the finials were identical. In neither case was there the slightest trace of gilt discernible on the finial, but the bowls of both spoons would appear to be early and are probably of XVth century origin.

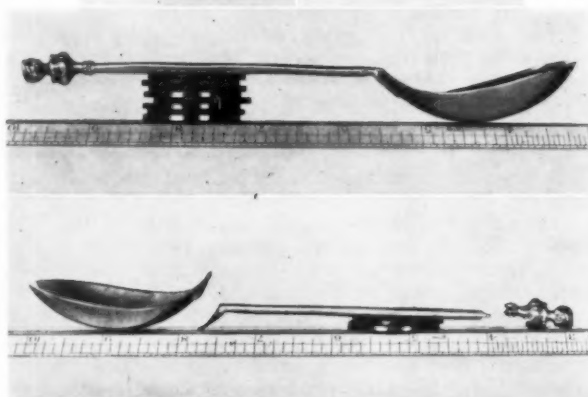
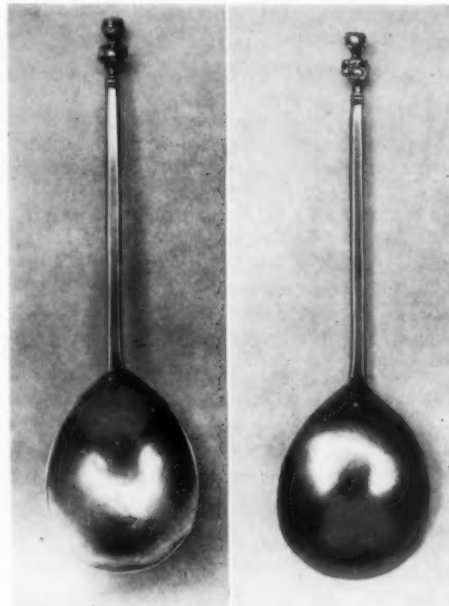
What appeared to be a solder line across the stem of this spoon, at the junction of bowl and stem, followed down behind the immature rat-tail on the back of the bowl and suggested to me that the bowl and stem were not in one piece. The stem is much flattened and the side facets are scarcely discernible; this, however, is not conclusive evidence that the stem is not an old one as it might well be due to comparatively recent hammering. The end of the stem appeared to have been sharpened and slipped into the base of the finial, which had apparently been split to accommodate it; the split I refer to can be seen in the horizontal photograph, and the line across the front of the stem, where stem and bowl appeared to have been joined, can also be distinguished in the illustration of the front of the spoon.

I informed the owner that without applying heat it was impossible to prove my theories; he very kindly decided to put my theories to the test, the results of which are illustrated.

The bowl, which I think to be early, came off as I expected and the upper end of the stem came out of the finial which had been split to take it. The craftsman may have used an old spoon stem, but on close examination of the stem and finial in their present state I am of the opinion that both are modern, and that the finial was the invention of some XIXth or early XXth-century craftsman, who probably intended it as a Maidenhead being unaware of the tradition that unmarried women should wear their hair down.

In all probability the workman who built up this spoon made several others from old bits and pieces, but close study of the suspicious features here discussed should enable collectors to avoid similar examples, whether or not they bear a similar finial. Note in particular the mis-shapen stem, the pronounced lumpy and triangular rat-tail, and the lack of either "V"-joint or lap-joint at

junction of finial and stem. These features, associated with a strange finial devoid of any trace of gilt, should at least make collectors suspicious.



It is with much regret that we have to report the death of Commander How, at the age of 59. He had been in ill health for some time.

Autumn Antiques Fair, Chelsea

The Third Antiques Fair was held at the Chelsea Town Hall from September 23 to October 3. It was opened by Miss Marie Lohr. The fair was organised by the dealers who participated in it. Over thirty London and Provincial antique dealers exhibited for sale antique porcelain, jewellery, furniture, paintings, rugs and objets d'art.

Exhibits were changed frequently and had to be made prior to 1851. The Fair made great appeal to the modest collector as well as the expert, as articles were on sale from £1 to many hundreds.

The Editor, APOLLO. LÉON BAKST

Dear Sir,

I am writing a short study on the costume and scenic designs made by Léon Bakst for the Russian Ballet, and, in addition, am compiling a catalogue raisonné of his works. I should be most grateful if any of your readers would inform me if they have works of any kind by this artist, or other relevant material.

Yours faithfully,  
Cockertons,  
Linton, Cambridge.

RAYMOND LISTER.



# LETTERS and Answers to Correspondents

## TOBY JUG



A correspondent has sent us this description of Toby Jug and the photographs in the expectation that it will interest Toby jug enthusiasts. The face and hands are of that bluish cast associated with the Ralph Wood models.

The handle of the jug is embossed with the figure of a recumbent woman.

The detachable crown of the hat forming a cup, coloured mottled brown, has a capacity of about three-quarters of a pint.

The miniature Toby jug in the left hand is complete in all details.

Between the feet is a dog.

The model is wearing a muffler of a dusky pink (the same colour as the coat of the miniature) and not the usual type of neckwear. The small Toby is wearing a dark brown Tricorn hat. The coat is light blue. The breeches are ochre. The shoes are black with ochre laces.

The stool on which the Toby



is sitting is a lightish green. The back part of the jug where the handle fits is also of this lightish green colour. The only marking underneath is a crown.

To The Editor, APOLLO.

## ARNOLFINI

Dear Sir,—Thank you for your review of my book on *The Pseudo-Arnolfini Portrait*. As your reviewer well says, "it is always pleasant to see officialdom vanquished in a battle of wits." Evidently the Director does not to-day admit the official errors *re* van Eyck for the last 90 years, for he has not changed the misleading title on the picture frame. I note, however, that your reviewer does not admit that I "present a totally convincing case." Yet the evidence offered in my book goes back to 1425.

As long ago as 1906-7, I wrote a series of articles (*un-signed*) on the then recently published 80th edition of the N.G. Official Cat. of the Foreign Schools. The articles made a great stir, and a special enquiry was held.

There were such errors (*hundreds* of them) as "Christ before PILOT," "Loredana," "Her Majesty's Office of Works"—but the Queen had died 5 years previously.

In March 1934, in *Burl. Mag.*, Panofsky published his nonsense about "the Wedding Portrait of G. Arnolfini and his Wife."

He must have been writing his long-drawn-out theories at the same time that you were preparing your interesting article on Jan

van Eyck's *Arnolfini Group* for APOLLO of July 1934. I read that article with great interest, especially as the writer—possibly yourself—admitted that "the fair-complexioned lady at Trafalgar Square could not possibly be Arnolfini's Italian wife." However, there were many points which did not seem acceptable; the citation of van Vaerenwyck as an authority, etc. Nor was there any reference to Jan van Eyck's will and his *ten* children.

Not until 1945 did we get M. Davies' *Catalogue of the Early Netherlandish School*; it contains at least 20 errors about van Eyck; it, of course, admits that "Hubert" *did* exist!

I. van Baldass plunged his readers into further error in his book on *Jan van Eyck*, published last summer. And Millard Meiss, of U.S.A., in *Burl. Mag.*, May 1952, tried to make out that "the man in a turban" in the N.G. is a portrait of Jan v. Eyck.

So it really was about time, as it seemed to me, to challenge the N.G. (successive) Directors, Panofsky, van Baldass and the *Burl. Mag.* for many errors. Readers and others whose opinions I value, write in complimentary terms. One writes: "*Je suis tout à fait d'accord avec la conteur de votre livre . . . une découverte sensationnelle que les véritables amateurs et historiens apprécieront.*"

Yours faithfully,

The Athenaeum,  
Pall Mall, S.W.1.

MAURICE W. BROCKWELL.

## EXAMINATION OF PORCELAIN BY ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT.

Dear Sir,—I was most interested to see the letter from Mr. John King in the September APOLLO.

I should like to take this opportunity of recording my own debt of gratitude to Mr. King, who has put his great knowledge and experience of this subject at my disposal on a number of occasions. It is to him that I owe the opportunity of observing conclusive evidence that early Chelsea porcelain does, in fact, fluoresce.

During the last few months, although evidence has accumulated that it may eventually be possible to separate the greater number of XVIIIth-century English porcelain factories by this means, it has also become increasingly apparent that the apparatus needed to carry the investigation to a conclusion is beyond the means of most private individuals.

Since research of this kind could very easily yield information of value in other fields, it is to be hoped that a way can be found of pursuing it on strictly scientific lines with the necessary apparatus. If this is done, I feel sure that some very significant results could speedily be obtained.

Yours faithfully,

Humphrey's Farm, Guestling,  
Sussex.

GEORGE SAVAGE.

## COVER PLATE

As the XVIIIth century drew to a close the romantic movement was in full swing alike in literature and in art. It is worth remembering that the Lyrical Ballads, the poetic manifesto of that movement by Wordsworth and Coleridge, was published in 1798. That movement in painting led from the formalism of the XVIIIth century to the story-telling and romantic landscape of the XIXth, and was particularly acceptable to the British whose inclinations were always towards sentiment and became more so with the rise of a comfortable middle-class without aristocratic traditions. The view of the country people under this philosophy was as charming as it was unreal: they were all part of that picturesque which was the prevailing passion. Morland stands at the head of this movement in art, and as an artist of genius with brilliant powers over landscape, figures, and animal drawing convinces us that his picturesque truth is real though patently it isn't.

William Redmore Bigg has an important place in this transition phase. He was born in 1755; went to the Royal Academy schools when he was twenty-two, and there worked under Edward Penny, himself a successful creator of the sentimental narrative picture; was elected A.R.A. in 1787, and full R.A. in 1814. Like that of his master, Bigg's work was popularised by engravings, since his simple subjects such as "Boys Relieving a Blind Man," "The Shipwrecked Sailor Boy," etc., were entirely to the prevailing taste.

"The Dancing Dogs" reveals the very sound qualities of craftsmanship of this painter, whose reputation has been overshadowed by the giants who were his contemporaries, and almost forgotten for a time in the change of fashion. The picture has obvious links with the formal Family Group portraiture of the earlier period, and equally with the landscape art of that time. The story interest is added by the highly picturesque gipsy group and the performing animals—all, of course, delightfully tidy and clean in accordance with what Colonel Grant has called Bigg's "penchant for the minor sentimentalities." The result is a charming period piece, a coming together of landscape, figures, animals, under cleverly contrived lighting, in the mood of the picturesque.

The painting is now in the possession of Leggatt Brothers, 30 St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

## THE LIBRARY SHELF

## SHAKESPEARE—1953

BY BRIAN BRASON

THE mighty concepts of a Shakespeare cannot be threaded through the needle-eye mind of any cerebral critic who feels that way inclined. Yet commentators pour out annually their millions of words, often without bothering to concede that almost all their vast output is likely to be far less worth while than the worst of Shakespeare's lines. The subject of this endless and tireless discussion was himself far too busy working as a dramatist to waste time on analysing the creations of his contemporaries or predecessors. Yet we, with the great plays to enjoy—to say nothing of the narrative poems and sonnets—persist in analysis of such weighty matters as whether or not Shakespeare liked bacon for breakfast. The man of the theatre tends to get buried under a mass of academic papers. We are left with a mere writer of anthology pieces or lines for classroom analysis. Now, surely, it is time to reverse the process, and to bury for ever the feeble, literary Shakespeare!

On this basis, it seems possible to quarrel with practically the whole corpus of Shakespearean commentary. But this would be to ignore our debt to the great textual scholars. No; my point is that apart from the work of scholars the only reasonable and tolerable Shakespearean commentary is good, clear, enlightened gossip—not self-righteous thesis-writing. It is true that warm-hearted gossip between people who exhibit a healthy respect for their subject cannot add one jot to the finished work as we have it, but it can enrich our understanding. The thesis-writers, on the other hand, seem to be concerned only with exhibiting what they believe to be their own brilliant minds. They claim tremendous new discoveries which should alter our whole conception of Shakespeare; they delineate, at last, the real hidden symbolism of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; they prove things; they demonstrate Shakespeare's ideas about language, the date of his calling-up, his quarrels with his wife and his political, philosophical, psychological and social convictions. In doing all this they merely pit their own mentalities against the mind of a towering genius. They cloud over what should be as clear to us as day—that we are of Shakespeare's land and tongue and have his plays to see and to read.

Foremost among the good gossipers on the list of new Shakespeare books I unhesitatingly put Mr. M. M. Reese. All that any reasonable person can need to know about the world of Shakespeare and the background of his work is in this one splendidly planned and proportioned book of 600 pages. It is impossible to imagine a more admirable and informed tutor on the way Elizabethan theatre developed out of the miracle plays and moralities, on the street scenes

and colours of Shakespeare's London, on the mixture of crudity and grace of his age, on all that is known about the organisation and architecture of Elizabethan theatres and the composition and abilities of the all-male playing companies, on the controversies surrounding the few established biographical facts and on the literary climate in which Shakespeare worked. Everywhere, writing lucidly and entertainingly, Mr. Reese frankly quotes, condenses and

compares the observations of other Shakespearians. His own warm regard for his subject—human and never hagiographical—comes out in refreshingly sane and wise summings-up. He has this typically balanced comment after some sound pages on the problem of Shakespeare's schooling and the "little Latin and less Greek": "It is dangerous however to press this argument (about Shakespeare's schooling) too far . . . he pecked up information as 'pigeon's pease' . . . the poet's faculty of completely identifying himself with the feelings and experiences of other men, and the mere fact that he was familiar with the educational curriculum of his day, and conceived a certain response to it, is not, alas, proof that he studied at Stratford school."

Another incisive section deals with the possible effect on Shakespeare's plays of the arrival of actresses. Here Mr. Reese argues that those who play the queens must, in Hamlet's words, "use all gently" and not attempt to over-stress their personal allurements.

To his straight documentary chapters, Mr. Reese adds his own considered and loving discussion of the poetry. His movingly tender concluding passage begins with these words: "yet when we close the book, or

the lights go out and the theatre empties, we are left with something: and although it has been the argument of this book that Shakespeare's art may yield as many meanings as it has interpreters, it is surely true that the something that remains with us is strong enough to unite us beyond our differences." I recommend this noble book as a single guide and good companion to the plays of William Shakespeare.

The sixth of the yearly Shakespeare Surveys<sup>2</sup> has more sound and useful gossip than windy theorists. Articles essential to the Shakespeare specialist deal with Shakespeare's French, his ideas about the value of money, the use of Trinity Hall as an Elizabethan play-house, the mighty Huntingdon Library and its meaning for Shakespeare scholars, and the production problems of Henry VI. This new survey seems the best in the series so far, but a lengthy article by Wolfgang H. Clemen (author of a fine book on Shakespeare's imagery) is disappointing. It seems, together with a piece by Karl Brunner on middle-class attitudes in



**LONDON THEATRES IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.**  
From *Shakespeare: His World and His Work*, by M. M. Reese.



Shakespeare's histories, to be making much of very tiny threads in the poet's border embroidery. The end sections cover recent Shakespeare productions and studies throughout the world, and here some three dozen books in English alone are listed as having been received. It is worth noting, as a sign of the size of the Shakespeare industry, that some of the books noticed on this page are not included.

M. Henri Fluchère's book<sup>3</sup> lies midway between the fond talkers and the earnest dogmatists. He is very careful and thoughtful on the subject of Shakespeare's language (where his French nationality perhaps helps him to a valuable objectivity), but he seems to lack Mr. Reese's robustness and to take on an over-refined intellectuality in dealing with the man of the theatre. How very often the "boards," as actors call them, seem in danger of being neglected! What, for instance, is one to make of the discussion on page 237 of the meaning of the symbol "snake" in the passage in Macbeth, 'We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it . . .'? The suggestion that it may stand for "the natural order that Macbeth has infringed" is analysed. But is it not enough to hear the hiss of this word in the theatre and to know the hatred and guilt it expresses as it escapes through the clenched teeth?

Mr. G. Wilson Knight's famous books on Shakespeare's imagery are reprinting and the latest to appear is *The Shakespearian Tempest*.<sup>4</sup> Mr. Wilson Knight is careful to point out that his "analysis is drawn from and appeals to that particular and emotional rational complex known as literary criticism or interpretation. . . . Very likely there may be a higher and more direct mode of purist intuition to which it is theoretically possible that my conclusions are irrelevant. . . . The ideal reader with a perfectly tuned poetic receptivity may indeed have often existed. He has left no record of himself. Nor is there any reason why he should do so." With this established, Mr. Wilson Knight proceeds minutely and painstakingly with his task of tracing the symbols of tempest and music in the plays and the poetry. In this new

edition there is a chart which, says Mr. Wilson Knight "has been devised to form a kind of *vade mecum* for the Shakespearian expert." Above is "bright eternity," below "dark eternity"; through the centre runs the line of "poetic insight"; and right in the centre is the single word "conflict." It all seems to me in very grave danger of attempting to be nothing less than a map of Shakespeare's mind.

Professor J. A. K. Thompson's book<sup>5</sup> goes patiently through the canon line by line looking for glosses which might suggest conclusions about Shakespeare's readings of the classics in original or translation. It is a very thorough piece of work which will certainly satisfy lovers of classical poetry by its sheer completeness. There is also a book by K. J. Spalding (called, believe it or not, *The Philosophy of Shakespeare*)<sup>6</sup> which has this remarkably confused piece of thinking and writing in its introduction: "As full of ideas as the sky of bodies the mind of Shakespeare must be similarly a mere chaos were no philosophical logic respecting the nature of things to give it some rational order and meaning." It would appear from the book that Mr. Spalding has been reading this poet's plays and after many years' careful research has come to the conclusion that Shakespeare grew wiser as he grew older and developed certain unoriginal philosophical homilies concerning the pain and burdens of life. We are told by the publishers that a schoolmaster, secretary of a group to whom the author spoke while his book was being printed, thanked Mr. Spalding for enriching the group's enjoyment of Shakespeare. I can only reply that I am thoroughly irritated by the spectacle of the king of infinite poetry being bounded in a nutshell of homespun philosophy. A plague on all of us that "for a tricky word defy the matter!"

<sup>1</sup> *Shakespeare: His World and His Work*, by M. M. Reese. Arnold. 36s.

<sup>2</sup> *Shakespeare Survey 6*. Cambridge University Press. 18s.

<sup>3</sup> *Shakespeare*, by Henri Fluchère. Longmans. 25s.

<sup>4</sup> *The Shakespearian Tempest*, by G. Wilson Knight. Methuen. 21s.

<sup>5</sup> *Shakespeare and the Classics*, by J. A. K. Thompson. George Allen & Unwin. 18s.

<sup>6</sup> *The Philosophy of Shakespeare*, by K. J. Spalding. George Ronald, Oxford. 12s. 6d.

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## BOOK REVIEWS

THOMAS BEWICK. By MONTAGUE WEEKLEY. Oxford University Press. 215.

Reviewed by C. C. Oman

The bicentenary of his birth has provided the excuse for this very welcome reassessment of the life and work of this celebrated Newcastle artist. Any biography of Bewick must be an amplification of the memoirs which he left behind but which were not published until thirty-four years after his death. These have only once been reprinted, and on that occasion the editor did not realise that the names left blank in the first edition could all be

he knew about the history of his craft. Hardly less valuable is the picture which he paints of the semi-agricultural life (his father farmed but also ran a coal-mine) on a Tyneside which had not yet become seriously industrialised, and later of the life of an artist-craftsman in Newcastle at the close of the XVIIIth and the beginning of the XIXth century—a particularly important period in the intellectual development of the town. Bewick from the very beginning was attracted to the graphic arts, so that it was fortunate that he was apprenticed to an engraver. The Beilby family was, however, highly versatile and practised not only all varieties

and could be exploited quite as well in Newcastle as in London. His decision to go into partnership with his former master was eminently sensible, and the association, which developed into literary co-operation, was for long very happy.

Mr. Weekley has allowed Bewick to tell his own tale for the most part, but has shorn it of the tedious digressions. An excellent account is given of Bewick's development of the technique of wood engraving and the growth of his artistic reputation which was built up on the strength of his literary work. It has now to be confessed that his attempt to popularise natural history was pedestrian stuff, but that as an illustrator he possessed real genius. His engravings of subjects which he really understood are masterly, hence the superiority of his *British Birds* to his *Quadrupeds*, which had to include a lot of pictures of animals which he had never set eyes upon. His reputation owes almost as much to the brilliance of some of his tail-pieces as to his straight illustrations. The former have charmed successive generations with their masterly renderings of little rural scenes and fantasies, though interspersed amongst them are a few of less happy inspiration.

There can be no doubt that since the beginning of this century the fame of Bewick has declined, so that it is much to be hoped that Mr. Weekley's book, which tells his story with all the necessary comments, coupled with commemorative exhibitions at Newcastle and at the Bethnal Green Museum will succeed in reviving interest in him. The examples of his engravings selected for illustration are well calculated to achieve this.



The Long-tailed Field Mouse. The best illustrations to *The Quadrupeds* show creatures with which Bewick was very familiar with in life.

filled in from the copy bequeathed to the Victoria and Albert Museum by the artist's daughter. The memoirs, though admirable for revealing the author's character, suffered from the defect that he abandoned a chronological arrangement soon after he had dealt with his apprenticeship. Thereafter he allowed his pen to stray into long dissertations, especially on politics and religion, which are neither entertaining nor relevant. Yet if the memoirs are unsatisfactory as literature, they do provide information as to the artist's aims, how he progressed and what

of silversmith's work but had developed a successful line in enamelled glassware. It was not long before Ralph Beilby discovered that his apprentice could be safely entrusted with the engraving of plate which was brought in by all the Newcastle silversmiths. After completing his apprenticeship, Bewick went for a wander-year, first to Scotland and then to London. He then returned to Newcastle, which he hardly ever left thereafter. In this he showed a degree of self-knowledge which is not too common amongst artists. Bewick's talent was not of the first order



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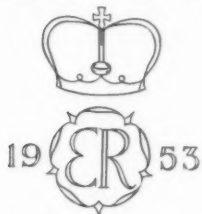
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The smaller edition limits the coins and stamps to those of the United Kingdom and has rather fewer photographs. In both cases the binding, text, and general production are worthy products of the Collector's Book Club.

**CERAMICS FOR THE POTTER.** By RUTH M. HOME. Toronto University Press. London: Geoffrey Cumberlege. 36s.

*Reviewed by M. Scott Jones*

Miss Ruth Home has produced a useful addition to the library of the artist-potter and the collector of pottery. In her preface she describes herself as an amateur appreciative of the problems of amateurs, and acknowledges the professional collaboration of Professor R. J. Montgomery.

The more general aspects of pottery are to be found in the final chapters dealing with "Shaping," "Pattern and Colour," "Kilns," and "The Future of Pottery"; and perhaps the beginner may be advised to read these chapters before the earlier, more technical ones. Miss Home is particularly sensible on the nature of tradition in pottery. She points out that there are four "constants"—craftsmanship, tactility, three-dimensional form, and purpose. Though tastes change, and methods of production change, these remain. As a result, even in modern society which is complex and heterogeneous, pottery can satisfy æsthetic needs as it has done in the past, and despite machinery, we can be hopeful for the future.

The earlier part of the book is the more important. There are few books available which deal with the geology of clays and the chemistry of glazes in a simple enough manner for the amateur to understand. Yet an elementary knowledge of chemistry is essential to the understanding of pottery, its subtleties of colour

## BOOK REVIEWS

and texture. Miss Home helps us to this knowledge with a clear expression for which we must be grateful.

Interpreting ceramics in the broadest sense, she includes chapters on glass and enamels. The former is concerned almost entirely with the chemistry of glass compositions, while the latter gives more emphasis to the evolution of enamel from the earliest times up to the modern kitchen and sanitary ware. This chapter on the history of enamel is perhaps the most fascinating in the book.

There are several appendices of technical information and an extensive bibliography.

**PAUL CÉZANNE.** Text by Meyer Schapiro. 128 pages + 50 plates in colour. Thames & Hudson. £5.

*Reviewed by Kenneth Romney Towndrow.*

Like its predecessors in this series of colour books, this essentially visual review of Cézanne's painting is an attempt to evoke at the desk something of the sensory impact of an ideal exhibition of paintings illustrating the life development of an artist. Only by such an exhibition in the case of Cézanne is it possible to appreciate a peculiar concentration of richness in paint that, too often in single works, is overlooked in preoccupation with the painter's intellectual purpose.

This volume is a good companion to the newly published edition of Roger Fry's "Study" of the painter, which cried out for the illustration of its argument by colour. Here, for example, is the early "Picnic," that peculiar dream-vision of 1869, almost meaningless in black and white to the uninitiated, but in colour, a strange marriage of classical nostalgia and sinister romanticism. Again, the "Fry" volume illustrates without much effect the "Head of a Bearded Man," an early self-portrait in the Pellerin Collection, and the "Advocate," from the same source. But here, in colour, we have "Uncle Dominic as a Monk," and immediately recognise, even at second hand, how important at this stage in Cézanne's career was his use of palette knife and heavy paste.

Undoubtedly it is now the purist's duty to shelve his prejudice against colour reproduction and hail such efforts as this to meet an undoubted need in both student and public.

The text by Meyer Schapiro, although firmly based upon scholarship, nevertheless makes at least one reader turn with gratitude to the modest persuasion of Roger Fry's treatment of the subject. Mr. Schapiro, in his sensitive enthusiasm, is apt to assume a knowledge of Cézanne's intimate mind: always a dangerous prerogative in a critic, and especially so in such a complex case as was Cézanne's. But many will be grateful for so indefatigable a guide: a guide who, amongst other services, reaffirms the debt in the technique of painting proudly owed by Cézanne to, in his own words, "the humble and colossal Pissarro."

As on a previous occasion in writing of this important series, I would urge that an index be included in all future editions. Such an advantage is never superfluous in a work of quality published at this price, and will encourage an influential use of a book otherwise apt to be accounted for its illustrations alone.

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GEORGE RONALD

DICTIONARY OF BRITISH SCULPTORS, 1660-1851. By RUPERT GUNNIS. Odhams Press. 63s.

Reviewed by H. D. Molesworth

Recent weeks have seen the payment of a long-standing debt owed to British sculpture in the publication of two Dictionaries of British Sculptors. The present volume by Mr. Rupert Gunnis, covers the years 1660-1851. Thanks in a large degree to the work of the late Mrs. Katherine Esdaile the present generation has become increasingly alive to English work of the XVIIth and XVIIIth centuries; and many have come to look at the monuments of this period with as much interest as at the earlier carvings which were the principal concern of XIXth-century antiquaries.

As in the case of any new or revived study, the first researches may be rather confused and inevitably tentative, and any who have been interested in the subject have felt for some years the need of a focus and ordination of the great mass of material scattered over books, guides, monuments, houses and churches.

Mr. Gunnis's aim has been to do this, and in particular to attempt a sound foundation by restricting his entries to checked or documented works and by treating traditional or personal attributions, which have grown up over time, with great care. For this restraint the student user will be particularly grateful. Such a compilation as this represents the fruit of many years of field work, both by the author and by other enthusiasts to whom he makes acknowledgment in the introduc-

tion. It no doubt includes very many names of sculptors in print for the first time.

As Mr. Gunnis rightly emphasises, the present dictionary—copious as it is in its 550 pages, and nearly 12,000 entries—does not—and, indeed, at the present stage, could not—expect to offer an exhaustive list of all the works by all artists. No doubt many people who have been particularly interested in certain individuals or who may have had access to places or collections not generally accessible will be able to add further references.

The compiler asks that these notes should be forwarded to him, and it is sincerely to be hoped that his request will be answered so that further editions of the dictionary may benefit. Indeed, one is led to wonder in the case of such initial studies, whether the publishers might not issue a certain number of sets with interleaved plain pages. If a record of the distribution of such copies to serious bodies or individuals could be kept, they



Two Dogs—Goodwood, Sussex, by Anne Seymour Darner

would surely be only too ready to give subsequent editors access to the new material.

In presentation the dictionary, arranged in alphabetical order of artists, is well printed and indexed. It also continues the pleasant tradition of English recorders in this field by which the notes are not restricted to rigid listing and bibliography but include contemporary or pertinent later gossip and anecdotes connected with the sculptors and their work.

This practice helps to combat the dangerous tendency, among amateurs and professionals alike, to justify a work of art by the name attached to it which, in most cases, means nothing more than the sequence of letters which compose it.

In this connection your reviewer would have been readily prepared to accept the addition of some brief critical comment that might give a wider idea of what the artist's work was like. While appreciating that the omission was deliberate, and respecting the compiler's intention to stick to fact rather than opinion, the illustrations, inevitably limited in a work of this kind, can only indicate the general style of leading sculptors.

In conclusion, we would emphasise that, in our opinion, this dictionary is a most excellent and serviceable compilation. We hope that it will have a prosperous career through many editions and serve—as it intends—as a foundation for the study of this too long neglected branch of English art.

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Mr. Jobson writes well and without any cloying nostalgia for the "good old days"; he clearly separates facts from legends and his book is obviously the result of profound research. It will prove fascinating reading to collectors of by-gones of farm, dairy and domestic living and will bring pleasure to all those who are interested in our heritage of skill and the evolution of processes as they have kept pace with the ever-increasing perplexities of living.

Apart from its general interest, this would also be the ideal reference book on the subjects it covers, were it not for an inadequate index and the fact that some of the photographs are poor and overcrowded. In consequence, many objects appear so small and lacking in detail as to be of little use for identifying by those unfamiliar with them.

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# MUSIC: A Festival and an Opera

BY P. J. INMAN

There will be many memories of this year's Edinburgh International Festival, the most moving, perhaps, that of Yehudi Menuhin's threnodic performance of the Beethoven Violin Concerto on the day of the death of Jacques Thibaud, after which the entire audience in the Usher Hall stood in silence. There were also the stirring performances given by the Rome Radio and Vienna Philharmonic Orchestras, each with its almost local style and colour, a complete cycle of the Beethoven Quartets, the deliciously correct hearings of XVIIth- and XVIIIth-century Italian music for the consort of strings by the Virtuosi di Roma. There was also Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante, a well-known work played with a heavenly accord rare among such distinguished soloists as Isaac Stern and William Primrose; no slow movement can ever have been heard by a stiller audience. There were also new works such as an intricate Fantasia Concertante on a theme by

and stylised with an excellent sense of period and, as with the plot, lay at some remove from the original Hogarth pictures.

The book of the opera, in fact, mixes the progress of the Rake with a variant of the Faust legend, in the person of Nick Shadow, who with some story of a large bequest from a forgotten uncle leads Tom Rakewell away from his Ann Truelove to London and lures him to his destruction. After a year and a day Shadow's services shall be paid, in the conventional way. The servant of the body shall become the master of the soul, an idea which is not, of course, in Hogarth, whose first scene shows the young Rake arriving in the house of his dead father and examining his new possessions. In the opera again, there is a scene in which Ann Truelove sets out for London with the ambition of redeeming her lost lover, and for dramatic contrast, no doubt, the scene of dissolution, which Hogarth set in a gaming house, here

use of the "moralised" version of Hogarth is clear from the epilogue when "now the actors, friends, would have a word with you. . . ." Their moral advice, it must be said, is offered with a light-heartedness which the gentleman who added his texts to Hogarth did not share, but they have the same rather worldly quality. The condemnation to "that gulph of woe, where perishes, at once, health, wealth, and virtue; and, whose dreadful labyrinths admit of no return" is simply a punishment, the inevitable punishment of extravagance, and not of sin. For this conception Stravinsky's music is ideal. It is constantly on the move, there is no time for pathos except for a few bars about the death of Tom. It is the music of a man of the world enjoying a little extravagance, skilfully and tastefully told.

Alfred Wallenstein's reading was clear and efficient, and it everywhere made things easy for the singers. If it erred it was in that it was a little slow. Both



Hogarth, 1735

Courtesy of Picture Post



Edinburgh Festival, 1953

Corelli, specially commissioned from Michael Tippett, and a viola concerto by Peter Racine Fricker who, economic as ever, assumes a lyrical, almost a tuneful, mantle which is new to him. But even in a Festival which brought together so many brilliant string players to celebrate the approximate "four centuries of the violin," the main centre of musical interest again centred on the King's Theatre, which serves not altogether successfully as an opera house.

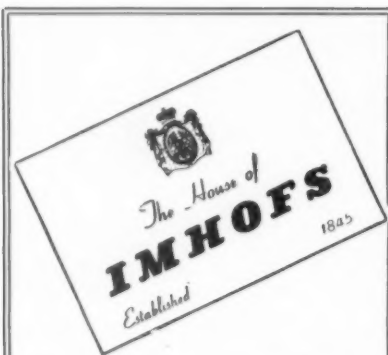
The W. H. Auden-Stravinsky collaboration, *The Rake's Progress*, was first performed two years ago at Venice, and it has had to wait until now for its first performance in the British Isles, in what was called "its original English." In point of fact, its English is original; it is striking as one of the very few really professional and witty libretti of recent years, to which has been added music of a racy, pastichy flavour which Stravinsky's detractors have not hesitated to abuse. For these performances by the Glyndebourne Company the conductor, Alfred Wallenstein, was imported from Los Angeles, and the sets were designed by Osbert Lancaster. These were simple

takes place in a brothel run on the lines of a Black Mass. It is perhaps disappointing, if only because the musical possibilities inherent in them would have been great, that more of the Rake's degeneracy could have been staged. He is seen going off, for instance, to marry Baba, the bearded Turk, who thus replaces the one-eyed woman of the wedding picture, and his extravagance is shown mainly by a few luxurious objects such as a great auk and a roman bust, and by his interest in the machine that turns stones into bread, or rather does nothing of the sort. These inventions give the impression that the composer and his librettists had their tongues in their cheeks as regards Tom's prodigality, a weakness which is stressed by the long and lugubrious scene in Bedlam, with its tragic ending on the words "Weep for Adonis." For if you do not believe in the hubris you cannot make the nemesis convincing, and the transition from the witty devices of the second act to the sombre, evocative graveyard scene, where the Rake plays a game of chance for his life and wins at the price of his sanity, is a sudden one indeed.

That Auden and Stravinsky have made

Americans were finely cast, Jerome Hines as Shadow and Nan Merriman as the bearded lady, for they had the right sort of swagger, and both Richard Lewis and Elsie Morison sang competently in the parts of the Rake and his Truelove. The chorus, in its movements, gave the most Hogarthian feeling of the performance, though the grouping did not seem to be deliberately planned to do so. But if the opera does not demand that Hogarth be visually copied, it is so based on his series that a comparison between the pictures and the stage settings, remembering always the limitations of the latter, particularly on a stage known to be too small for full operatic comfort, is of some interest.

It is a point of honour with those who plan the Edinburgh Festivals that important new works should have their first hearing there. Perhaps it is only coincidence that the major first English performance of last year's Festival, Hindemith's opera, *Mathis der Maler*, also had a basis in the visual arts, but the Festival authorities could do far worse, for the future, than inviting Auden and Stravinsky to get together on another entertainment.



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## RANDOM NOTES ON THE PIANO

by WILLIAM LUKE

The pictures and the stories of the young Mozart playing as a child before the crowned heads of Europe still seem to affect the hopes and ambitions of aspiring parents with a piano and children in the house. And too often their unmusical progeny are condemned to the uncomfortable drudgery of scales and exercises until the teens, or a particularly honest music teacher, ends it. It is commonly accepted that Shakespeare, forcibly fed in school, sets up an immunity to his genius in later life. It is not so often remarked that the same thing happens with serious music in small girls and boys condemned to the piano stool against their will. This, possibly, is because some technical skill may be laboriously acquired for a parlour rendering of the remarkable bravura piano pieces found in such popular collections as the Star folios. And some local acclaim may follow.

There seems to be an almost unbridgeable gulf between playing the piano and really musical piano playing. As a handicraft piano playing needs explicit and unremitting practice. The result of this is technique. Beyond this technique comes the question of interpretation, which is never, as platitudinous as it may seem to say so, a mere correct reading of notes.

The B.B.C. from time to time have an interesting programme in which a musical authority compares the performances of the same piece by several of the world's best pianists. The result is stimulating, to say the least of it. To the tyro this programme can be a wistful experience. Wonderful differences of tone quality, imaginative variations of tempi, subtle emphases of rhythm and the playing down of this or that particular passage for interpretative reasons are all gathered together into the masterly performance. Such complete readings seem at times to be an ideal that the beginner will never realise.

Beethoven's magnificent Opus III, with its intricate variations, lends itself to a different interpretation in the hands of each of its famous exponents. Strangely enough the work does not lose any of its greatness in these different readings.

What a sparkling, brilliant, yet warm thing Myra Hess makes of Schumann's "Carnival": and yet other interpretations, giving a more masculine flavour, keep it equally vivacious; sometimes a little more sarcastic, or merry is perhaps a better word. Dino Lipatti's tremendous recording of the Chopin "Barcarolle" seems to be a perfect interpretation. He makes it what it should be, a programme piece that is the work of genius: yet all the time he gives it a wonderful musical impact in the deepest sense—the boat going out from Venice to meet the sea, the meeting and the marriage, and the return home absolutely at peace: and then finally the quick leap out on to the shore of the gondolier. It all seems in perfect understanding with Chopin. But even with music so beautifully done one knows that the last word has not been said. Some other great pianist will give to it his own particular touch.

These remarks may seem aimed at the

musical connoisseur, but this is not the intention. The common practice of transcribing music written for the piano for any combination of instruments ranging from Palm Court orchestras to cinema organs can only lead to a blunting of musical sensibility. Good piano playing is an asset in any home. A Chopin waltz played on the mouth organ is a monstrosity—even though it is rapturously applauded in our clamorous music halls.

It is only by the encouragement of real musical susceptibility that a great general standard of musical culture can be established; and the piano seems to me to be the best single instrument available to do this.

As I said at the beginning of this piece, the tying of a resistant child to a piano stool sets up a dislike for music which may never be overcome. Children in whom there is a natural instinct for music will need no coercion. The piano itself nowadays is so developed that a first-class executant can be said to be an orchestra himself. Added to this ability is the excitement of one person being in control and commanding an interpretation of any great Opus in a way that only a very few of the really first-class orchestra conductors can do. In an orchestra, however perfect, there will always be the momentarily wayward individual performer. Ten fingers are a much more manageable and co-ordinated unit.

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# The Art of Good Living

## CLARET

BY RAYMOND POSTGATE

**C**LARET is an English word. It comes from the French *clairet*, which meant in the time of Henry IV any light red table wine, and is now used for a curious, pleasant, unimportant scarlet-coloured wine made by some Bordeaux vinegrowers to dispose of their extra grapes. It is therefore quite proper (whatever wine snobs may say to you) to talk of "Australian claret," "Spanish claret," "Portuguese claret," and so on. But I make this remark mostly for the record and for accuracy's sake, for the best of all clarets, those that come from the Bordeaux country—Gascony—are so plentiful and cheap just now that it is hardly necessary to search in other areas.

"Fresh Gasconne wine is good to drink with meate," wrote Sir John Harington, an Elizabethan poet and the inventor of an early form of water-closet. That is the briefest summary of when to drink claret—indeed, it is too brief, for claret tastes best of all with cheese, which Harington did not care for. With meat or cheese, then, claret is the best drink because it is more plentiful than any other wine, because it is cheaper, because a man can find really superb wines among the clarets more easily than he can in burgundies, hocks, or Italian wines, because—well, finally, because it tastes better. In Harington's day it had to be "fresh," because the art of bottling was not understood and wines went off very fast. To-day, clarets live to a great age, and the big wines sometimes go on improving for a quarter of a century. The oldest claret that I have tasted which was still drinkable was seventy-seven years old, a Mouton 1869, drunk in 1946; but that had only survived, I suspect, because it had never been moved since it was laid in the chateau's cellar about 1872. To-day, anything earlier than 1928 is likely to be dying; I should never buy such old wines without some sort of assurance from the wine merchant or restaurant. Nineteen-thirty-four is the year which I should say is now at its peak.

"Years" are a great wide-mouthed trap, in any case; in all "good" years there were plenty of wines which didn't come up to the standard, and in all bad years a number of chateaux escaped the bad weather or bad luck of others. Conventionally, these are the really good pre-war vintages: 1928, 1929, 1934, 1937; for war and post-war take the odd years in the forties and the evens in the fifties.

And, now you have memorised that, let me tell you that in 42, 46 and 48 there were plenty of good wines. Also that their prices tend to be lower, because the people who buy their wines according to those little "vintage-cards" won't take them; and so there is all the more for sensible people like you and me, who buy by taste and not by rote.

A young claret is usually a very dark red, tending to

purple, and as it gets older it gets lighter and browner. The wine in the glass appears pale at the edges, and that is one way of telling if the wine which is sold to you as old wine really is so. Another is to look at the cork; it should be stained a deep red at one end from long contact with the wine. While you are looking at it, by the way, pinch it too. It should be slightly resilient, and damp from recent contact with the wine. Otherwise, it mayn't be from your bottle at all!

Some people like claret cool—perhaps that was all Harington meant by "fresh"—and some like it the temperature of the room. All but the most delicate bottles of old clarets can be put in warm (*not* hot) water for a few minutes if necessary, but it is, of course, better to have remembered to bring the bottle into the room an hour beforehand. In all cases, the oldest and gentlest as well as the youngest and crudest, the wine needs to "breathe." Unlike a strong, hearty knock-you-down wine like Chateaufort du Pape, clarets have as their most individual virtue their perfume and the series of flavoury tastes that develop in the mouth. These you can't get at all if you slop the wine into a glass as soon as the cork is drawn and gulp it off. Draw the cork as early as you can, decant the wine if it's convenient, pour it into glasses which are only half-filled, rotate it in the glass, and smell and drink it slowly, rolling it round your mouth. And treat cheap clarets this way as well as expensive wines—in

fact, like backward children, they may need even more attention than their betters. I have known a cheap claret which was improved by having its cork drawn a whole day beforehand.

Prices? Well, there is plenty of good ordinary red bordeaux at 6s. 6d. and 7s. What are usually called the *crus bourgeois*—honest wines from smaller chateaux, for honest people like us—run from 9s. 6d. to around 13s. Above that price you should begin to get the famous wines, the *crus classés* and their equivalents. Anyone who pays a pound or more, except for an old and grand vintage bottle, has either (1) more money than sense, or (2) a very skilled and perceptive palate, which can detect and enjoy tastes which lazier or more ignorant people miss.

And, now about choosing your claret. There are many hundred chateaux in the area, and a purchaser's first impression is of confusion. In fact, however, he is protected and his task made easier, by the French Laws of Controlled Appellations, by which the names on labels have to correspond to some strictly defined facts. In the Bordeaux area the result is something like those figures of little men, one inside the other, which we used to call Chinese dolls when I was small. The largest name, "Bordeaux," just means the



Courtesy of Michael Joseph, Ltd., from Postgate's Plain Man's Guide to Wine.

wine comes from somewhere in the whole area—it may be a blend and is probably a quite ordinary wine. The next name, Haut Médoc, for instance, is that of a smaller area within the region; the wine will be getting more distinctive now. The next name, say St. Estephe, is that of a "commune" or parish within the area, and already the connoisseur pricks up his ears and expects a wine of some character. The final name is that of a single chateau (which is quite likely more like a farmhouse than a castle) whose proprietor is convinced that the wine from his fields is unique in the world, and is sometimes right. If you see on a label, say, "Chateau Capbern, St. Estephe, Haut Médoc, Grand Vin de Bordeaux," there you see all the four grades, of increasing stringency, set out for you.

Let me take you for a brief visit round the Bordeaux area. I will presume we are entering from the sea, sailing up the great estuary called the Gironde. On our left, to the north-east, are long slopes called Blaye and Bourg, of which I will merely say that they produce a great deal of honest red wine, but I can't off hand remember one chateau of distinction. But, on our right, those flat fields stretching back to the great pine forests of the Landes are the most famous vineyards in the world, for this is the Médoc. The best of all are in the upper half, the Haut Médoc, and in that area the most famous communes are these: Pauillac, Margaux, St. Estephe, St. Julien, Cantenac and Moulis. In the year 1855 a classification was made of the most famous wines here, in five classes. It is very much out of date, but it is still cited; the wines in it are called *cru classés*. But even when the list was new the classification wasn't wholly by quality; a *Ve cru classé* was not a fifth-rate wine; it had merely recently fetched a lower price.

Here, anyway, are found the great wines, the Chateaux of famous names—Latour, Lafite, Mouton-Rothschild,

Montrose, Beychevelle, Cos d'Estournel, Mouton d'Armailhacq, Giscours, Calon-Segur, Leoville-Lascases. . . . I could go on reciting them for a page; I am getting drunk even on the names.

The ship now leaves the estuary and goes up the river Garonne, tying up in the port of Bordeaux. You are now in the Graves area, which you may have thought to be a country of white wines only. In fact, there is a little *more* red than white wine produced here. It is very like Médoc, and some wines are very fine—for example, Haut Bailly or La Mission Haut Brion. When you have sampled them, cross the bridge and you are in the country called Premières Côtes de Bordeaux, also producing both red and white. There are few very distinguished wines here, but the ordinary wines are extremely good, and the "appellation" is one that people with moderate purses should make a point of remembering. Pursuing our way across country through the region called Between-Two-Waters (Entre-Deux-Mers, nearly all white wines) we come to the River Dordogne and on the other side is the last great claret region, round the lovely small town of St. Emilion, with the smaller region of Pomerol next to it. The St. Emilion wines are rather heavier and fuller than the Médoc wines—they are as it were a step towards burgundies. There are two or three hundred chateaux in the two districts, and there is no classification. Cheval Blanc, Ausone, Canon, Monbousquet, Beausejour are among the best known. The little XIIIth-century town has a XIIth-century survival in it, the scarlet-gowned Jurade chartered by Richard I when he was Duke of Aquitaine, a guild which still inspects the wine and awards its Seal to those casks which pass its fairly severe tests.

There are one or two other minor regions (Neac, Fronsac, Cubzac, etc.), but I have left myself no room to speak of them.

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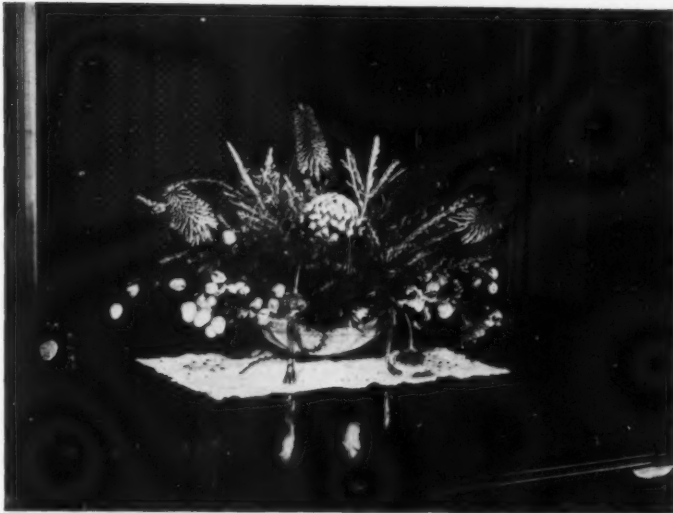
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## WITH GAME IN SEASON

By ANN HARDY

"Good living is an act of our judgment by which we grant preference to those things which are agreeable to the taste, above those that have not that quality."

(Brillat-Savarin)

Game is one of the luxuries of the dinner table, and the month of October sees the game season in full swing. It is a period all too short for the gourmet. Game is so varied and savoury and owes much of its quality and flavour to the nature of the soil on which it feeds.

To suggest which game bird is pre-eminent would be highly controversial, but heading the list will surely be the grouse or the pheasant. The grouse is a notably clean feeder and the flavour of the heather, on the tender shoots of which it feeds, contributes to the unique flavour of the bird. It is so good that it needs no adornment in the cooking and the ideal method as for so many game birds is the ancient method of roasting. Modern progress has robbed us of the ideal roast "done to a turn" on the spit.

But let us consider for a moment the factors that help to produce game at its best. First of all, age. It goes without saying that ideally the birds must be young. The features of a young bird are the

smoothness of its legs, the tenderness of the pinion, and the size of the spurs which are rounded and pointless when young. Then the importance of hanging cannot be over-emphasised. Tastes vary as to the condition for eating, but the flavour only develops when the bird is hung. This applies particularly to pheasant, the flesh of which is inclined to be tasteless and dry, if it is not properly hung. A pheasant is at its best just when putrefaction commences, this moment is revealed by a slight odour and a change in the colour of the flesh. It should then be plucked and cooked. The time it takes to reach this stage can be anything from three to ten or twelve days, depending on how it is shot, the type of weather, and where it is hung.

It should hang head downwards in a cool airy place. The experienced cook will know that most game birds should be larded before cooking, well basted during cooking, served on a croute of fried bread and garnished with watercress, the usual accompaniments being fried crumbs, bread sauce and game chips.

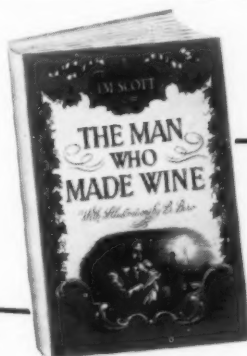
But you may want an alternative method of cooking, in which case a salmi is a delightful dish, suitable for pheasant

or partridge. The preparation is as follows: start off by making this brown sauce, the flavour of which is improved by simmering very gently for 2 hours. Melt a walnut of dripping, add to it a level tablespoonful of flour, cook for a few minutes, then add a generous half-pint of good bone or giblet stock, stirring continuously until it boils. Add a spoonful of tomato purée, salt and pepper, and allow to simmer. Strain when cooked. Meanwhile place a few rashers of fat bacon around the bird. Roast gently, keeping it slightly underdone. Whilst it is cooking prepare this nectar. First chop a small onion and a shallot, add a clove of garlic crushed, a sprig of lemon thyme, a bayleaf and a few parsley stalks. Fry this mixture without browning in a spoonful of oil. Add a glass of wine, a mixture of red and white if available, and continue cooking until it is reduced to about a tablespoonful. Add the brown sauce to this, stir well and again allow it to simmer.

Carve the pheasant into suitable pieces, remove the skin, and add to the pieces a little Madeira, keeping them hot, but not on any account allowing them to boil. If you possess a pestle and mortar the ideal finish is to pound the carcass, making it into a very fine purée, and adding it to the sauce, which is again simmered for a short time, strained and poured over the pieces of game. Add some cooked mushrooms. Re-heat, but do not boil. Garnish with triangles of fried bread.

A delightful first course would be chicory or leeks à la grecque. The recipe and mode of preparation is the same whichever you choose, but should it be leeks, then only the white part of large leeks are used. After preparation the vegetable is put into cold water and boiled gently for 7 minutes, strained, cooled, and put in a small pan with a glass of white wine, a gill of olive oil, the juice of a lemon, salt, peppercorns and a few very small onions. Just cover with cold water, and boil for 15 to 20 minutes. Drain well, place on a suitable dish and boil down the liquor in which they were cooked until only a very little remains. Pour this, including the condiments, on the vegetable. Serve very cold.

And for the third course, shall it be sweet or savoury? A refreshing sweet would be a slice of pineapple sprinkled with sugar, and marinated in a spoonful of kirsch. But if it is a savoury then what could be better than a cheese soufflé.



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by

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(Author of VINEYARDS OF FRANCE)

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## SALE ROOM NOTES & PRICES

BY BRICOLEUR

**TAPESTRIES.** The following have been sold at Christie's. A pair of Gobelins panels, with scenes from Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, the borders of frame-pattern with foliage on a light brown ground and the arms of Scott, Baronets of Kew Green, made 1,000 gns. The Scott family left Scotland towards the end of the XVIth century and settled on the Continent, where they amassed a considerable fortune. The baronetcy was bestowed by Charles II for their support of the Royalist cause. Another Gobelins panel, with the same arms, and depicting Europa and the Bull, 9 ft. 3 in. high and 19 ft. 7 in. wide, brought 950 gns. A pair of late-XVIIth-century Brussels panels with Judith with the head of Holofernes and Esther and Ahasuerus, after designs by Jacob Jordaens, approx. 11 ft. 3 in. high and 12 ft. 6 in. wide, 280 gns. Four panels of XVIIth-century Brussels tapestry with scenes from the history of Antony and Cleopatra, with the Brussels mark and weavers' marks of Jan van Leefdael and Van der Streken, all approx. 12 ft. 6 in. high and 10 ft. and 19 ft. wide, 500 gns.



One of a set of four very rare and early Derby figures sold by Puttick and Simpson on September 8th for £670.

**JACOBEAN HANGINGS.** A set of bed hangings, known as the "Kingsley Hangings," reputed to have been given by Queen Anne to Mrs. Kingsley, one of her women of the Bedchamber, was offered at Christie's. Comprising two pairs of curtains and five sections of a pelmet, worked with flowering plants, trees and birds, with animals in the foreground, they sold for 130 gns.

**THE ASHBURNHAM HOUSE SALE.** This sale aroused greater interest than any country sale for many years, due to the preliminary publicity it received and to the romantic associations of the house itself. The Ashburnham family had been established there since the XIIth century, and whilst successive generations added to the contents of the mansion, very little was known to have been sold. Sotheby's, who conducted the sale, removed the pictures and certain of the more important English and French furniture for sale in their London rooms, the remainder being sold *in situ*. The "remainder" included all the paraphernalia of an immense house, lived in for centuries by a family who not only disliked parting with their possessions, but also resented intrusion.

Nearly all the bedrooms were equipped with four-post bedsteads, most of which had been installed during the 1840's, and curtained and festooned in the lavish taste of that time. Therefore the purchaser of such a bed was also the purchaser of much fringes, tassels and curtaining. An example of unusually large double size, with

curtains, valances and draping in printed alpaca, lined with silk, made £50. Another mahogany four-post bed, with hangings of blue damask, lined with silk, £36; and a Regency mahogany couch-bedstead, with scrolled ends and figured alpaca hangings from a carved corona, £65. The many more simple four-posters in the upper floors made between £25-£50.

The large drawing-room contained a set of four mid-XVIIIth-century mahogany serpentine-fronted commodes, with ormolu mounts in the French taste. This set, each 4 ft. wide, brought £1,720. The four were sold in two lots, each of a pair. One pair, which had faced the sun, were faded to an almost cigar-box colour. This pair made the higher price. A pair of small Chippendale mahogany secretaire cabinets in the same room, with fall-fronts, panelled as drawer-fronts and with Chinese-fret superstructures above, 25 in. wide, brought £1,750. A set of eight George II mahogany chairs, including a pair of armchairs, with stuffed backs and seats and cabriole legs back and front, finishing in "French" scroll feet, £400. A pair of Chippendale mahogany torchères, with rectangular tops and pierced galleries, on tripod legs, 49 in. high, £460. The decorated wall panels in this large room, believed to have been painted by James "Athenian" Stuart, with a classical decoration depicting the history of Achilles, sold for £125. This was hardly more than the best quality modern wallpaper would cost, but the purchaser had to bear the considerable cost of removing the canvas from the walls.

The large Regency mahogany four-pedestal dining-table, extending to 24 ft. long, brought £320; and thirteen George I mahogany dining-chairs, of simple but pleasing design, £160. A Regency large mahogany urn-shaped wine cooler, with ormolu mounts, 3 ft. 10 in. wide, £140. A pair of mid-XVIIIth-century mahogany dumb waiters in the smaller dining-room, with two circular tiers and tripod feet, made £230; and a set of eight Hepplewhite mahogany chairs, of distinctive yet simple design, upholstered in red leather, £340. A Queen Anne walnut secretaire-cabinet in the library, of unusually fine faded colour, and with contemporary bevelled mirror-doors, 3 ft. 5 in. wide and 6 ft. 10 in. high, £600. A Charles II pale-oak cabinet of drawers enclosed by a pair of doors, made £205; a comparatively high price for oak furniture. Evidently part of the XVIIth-century furnishings of the house, this piece had been discovered late in the XIXth century in an out-house, used for corn, and missing its stand. It had then been reinstated to a place of honour in the house.

The entrance hall contained some pieces of Oriental lacquer furniture, including a pair of K'ang Hsi cabinets of unusually brilliant colouring. This pair made £400, but other examples went for much smaller sums. A XVIIth-century lacquer chest of fairly small size, used for a hundred years to store the scaffold linen and other relics, for which the house was famous, of Charles I, made £14; and a XVIIth-century chest, with shaped panels in raised gilt and mother-o'-pearl, £14. Large country auctions offer great opportunities for anyone able to house majestic pieces of William Kent furniture. A pair of such side-tables, with finely-carved stands and pink granite slab tops, 6 ft. wide, made only £15. Their value in the 1920's, when Kent furniture was *à la mode*, would have been many times greater.

Among the more unusual items was the family state coach, circa 1830, upholstered in fawn leather and with dark-green paintwork, embossed with silver. This made £80; and a curious early-XIXth-century estate fire-engine, £18. There was also the cellar of antique wines. Nine bottles of 1769 "Mountain," a form of Malaga, and fourteen bottles of XIXth-century wine, made £17. Two dozen of 1851 port, £32; and nine bottles of red Sicilian, £11. Four bottles of 1845 Arrack, a fiery spirit, once popular with pirates, and four of blackcurrant brandy, £25. These wines were sold unsampled, and it would be interesting to hear how they opened.

**GLASS.** At a sale at Sotheby's a Netherlands amethyst-tinted glass bottle, signed "Willem van Heemskirk" and dated 1686, made £140. Similar examples are in the London museums. A rough translation of an inscription on the bottle read "Misuse of wine is a poison." A Russian XIXth-century massive Imperial cut-glass vase of cylindrical shape, engraved with the double eagles, 17 in. high, made £20. A Beilby enamelled flask, with the inscription "Thos. Brown Nenthead, 1769," enamelled in white and with a shooting scene, 8 in., £28. A massive late-XVIIth-century tavern glass, with straight-sided bowl, 6½ in., made £7 10s. A rare privateer glass, with a bucket bowl and inscribed "Success to the Defiance Privateer," on a double-cable spiral opaque-twist stem and conical foot, 6 in., £59. A collection of four XVIIIth-century sealed wine bottles, two inscribed "All Souls Coll. C. R.," made £4.

**PAPERWEIGHTS.** At Sotheby's, a St. Louis encased dark-blue overlay weight, enclosing an upright bouquet of flowers with plentiful green leaves, the overlay lined with white and cut with circular windows, 3½ in., made £180. A St. Louis magnum weight, designed with regularly arranged rings of florettes in pink, blue and red, 4½ in., £110. A rare St. Louis salamander weight, the gilt animal curled on the top of the spherical weight, decorated with blue loops on an opaque-white ground in Nailsea style, 3½ in., £180. A Clichy yellow-ground weight, with orange, blue and white florettes arranged in a looped design radiating from a central white florette and sunk in an opaque-yellow ground, 3 in., £130. When this weight was offered in the Applewhaite-Abbott collection on July 1st, 1952 (lot No. 162), it fetched £240.